Meg

by

Tom Wheeler

First Draft

FADE IN:

Pale sunlight struggles to shine through a thick roiling fog settled upon an ocean shoreline.

Within the twirling fog we hear SOUNDS. There are grunts and whistles as SHADOWS shift along the receding tide.

Our attention turns to the jagged rocks and dense forest beyond the shore. WE MOVE towards the wall of tall pines, DART under a web of tangling branches and up to...

A BLOOD RED REPTILIAN EYE.

A GROWL silences the chittering forest birds.

REVERSE ANGLE: What the predator sees....

Between crisscrossing branches, the fog finally clears revealing a shambling herd of enormous, grazing DINOSAURS!

TITLE: PACIFIC OCEAN, ASIAMERICA, 70 MILLION YEARS AGO.

Supported on muscular hind legs, gentle HADROSAURS nudge the shallow ocean floor with duckbills, scavenging for food.

A full forty feet from bill to tail, the dominant male periodically raises his head and SQUAWKS, testing the air for any sign of danger.

CLOSE ON: SALIVA splattering onto wide leaves.

Branches SNAP as something HUGE begins to MOVE in the forest.

WIDE ON: Seven long necks CRANING towards the forest at the sound of SPLINTERING WOOD and THUNDERING FOOTSTEPS....

The Hadrosaurs whistle with panic and SCRAMBLE deeper into the surf, waves erupting from the onslaught.

THE TYRANNOSAURUS REX BLASTS onto the beach, SCREECHING.

The predator's eight tons CLEAVE into the waters, sending panicked Hadrosaurs fanning out in all directions, straining their necks, paddling hysterically.

The T-rex's jaws SNAP as most of the duckbills escape back to shore. T-rex, however, PLUNGES head-first into the deeper surf. She ROARS, clawing at the deep water with scrawny arms.

A Hadrosaur CALF, only fifteen feet long, CHIRPS with fear as it mindlessly fights to stay out of reach of the T-rex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The T-rex follows, hungrily, but her momentum is slowed by the soft and dragging ocean floor. Her sinewy neck reaches for the calf, the jaws open.....

And the calf DISAPPEARS under the water.

The T-rex stops, puzzled.

The water's HISS and the T-rex is pulled into some kind of CURRENT. Fifty feet away, an EIGHT-FOOT-TALL, sheet white FIN lifts out of the water and SLICES towards the T-rex.

ON SHORE: The Hadrosaurs whistle and grunt nervously as the Tyrannosaur splashes for the coastline.

Suddenly and inexplicably, the gargantuan lizard WRENCHES FORWARDS, bellowing in pain. Her body TORQUES unnaturally, TWISTS, RISES out of the water and SUCKS BACKWARDS at thirty miles per hour, RISING again and SPEARING into the EXPLODING waves, then vanishing completely.

The waters are silent.

ERUPTION, as the T-rex's blood-spraying mouth SNAPS at the air. An unseen force WHIPS her body around from beneath, revealing a crushed RIB CAGE and GUTTED STOMACH.

Then, pathetically, T-rex is YANKED back beneath the waves.

HADROSAUR'S P.O.V.: Far, far out at sea, like a white angel of death, the MEGALODON BREECHES, side fins spread like phantom wings, a thirty-foot-long crumpled corpse of Tyrannosaurus Rex clenched in her jaws. She shakes the T-Rex vigorously, then PLUNGES back into the sea.

CUT TO:

A SPOTLIGHT flashes over three, spaghetti-thin, white EELS which stab out of a rocky nook and bare tiny, sharp teeth.

D.J. TENAKA(VO)
Check out the locals.

FRANK HELLER(VO)
That's the welcoming committee.

WE MOVE far, far back as 7500 WATT SEARCHLIGHTS illuminate a strange and miraculous world. A gargantuan maze of CANYONS rise up from the ocean floor. Strange and mysterious sea-life wiggle into the dark shadows, away from the light.

TITLE: THE CHALLENGER DEEP - SEVEN MILES BENEATH THE PACIFIC OCEAN SURFACE - 200 MILES NORTH OF GUAM - PRESENT DAY

Floating like Tinkerbell in this dark Grand Canyon is the winged submersible ABYSS GLIDER II. It resembles little more than a torpedo with wings.

The Glider's pilot is D.J. TENAKA. At 22, D.J. is one of the best and youngest of a privileged few submersible pilots known as deep-sea Aquanauts.

D.J.(VO)
Everything down here is white and slithery. Have you noticed that?

No longer a hot dog? What is living down there?

INT. SUBMERSIBLE

D.J. lies on his stomach inside the sub. A harness holds him in place and a large Lexan shield gives him a 360' view of his surroundings. He pilots the Glider with a heavy joystick.

He passes by a particularly populated wall of creatures.

HELLER(VO)
A fascinating analysis, D.J., Jacques Cousteau would be proud.

D.J.(CONT)
(speaks into a headset)
And if you look out the right side of the aircraft ladies and gentlemen you will notice a big-ass clam and more white, slithery things.

HELLER(VO)
Okay, the valley opens wide. Line up along the port side of the canyon wall. You should pick up the U.N.I.S. signal after about 500 yards.

EXT. SUBMERSIBLE

Bubbles spew out of the tail-fin as the Glider accelerates into a pit of shadows tucked between two looming rock walls.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - THE KIKU - DAY

Drifting lazily SEVEN MILES above D.J.'s head is the 112-foot Navy Cruiser THE KIKU.

INT. KIKU - OPERATIONS - DAY

ON MONITOR-SCREEN: First-hand VIDEO of what D.J. is seeing as he sees it. The footage is grainy but effective.

Operations is CROWDED. This is an unprecedented dive involving two companies, and both have representatives here. There is an obvious TENSION in the room.

MASAO TENAKA (mid-60's, a face carved from stone, steel-grey hair) is the founder of the Tenaka Marine Institute, as well as the father of D.J. and his sister TERRY, the Institute's acting President (mid-20's, effortlessly attractive).

Beside them are FRANK HELLER, chief engineer (mid-50's, polished), DAVE LINUS, the young attorney for JAMSTEC, a Japanese Marine Research Corporation, and KENJI ASAKURA (mid-40's, wears a suit to bed) a JAMSTEC executive.

Heller talks to D.J. through a MICROPHONE on a SONAR CONSOLE laden with view-screens and a computer map of the trench.

D.J.(VO)
I'm passing the seamounts.

ON SCREEN: We tip over a ledge and streak down into a new canyon landscape like a virtual reality roller coaster.

HELLER
(covering microphone)
That boy has concrete testicles, I swear.

MASAO
He sounds like Jonas.

HELLER
Don't jinx him.

D.J.(VO)
I'm picking up the signal.

Masao nods his head approvingly.

HELLER
(into microphone)
How we doing?

INT. SUBMERSIBLE

D.J. watches his searchlights sweep the craggy cavern floor.

CONTINUED:

D.J.
We are doing...
(pause)
Oh no.

EXT. SUBMERSIBLE

The Glider stops and HOVERS about fifty feet off the floor. The lights shine on what appears to be a pile of SCRAP METAL buried beneath rocks.

D.J.(VO)
She's wrecked, she's totally wrecked. Pop, I'm sorry. Looks like a landslide.

INT. OPERATIONS - DAY

This is terrible news for Masao. Behind him, Kenji Asakura stiffens angrily. Dave Linus does an obnoxious impression of a bomb dropping...

D.J.(VO)
Looks like the UNIS earthquake detection system got whacked by an earthquake.

KENJI
Months. This sets us back months.

MASAO
We'll fix it.

KENJI
Of course you will. You have no choice. JAMSTEC agreed to finance your whale lagoon only after you guaranteed us an operational UNIS detection system. That was four months ago...

HELLER
We can all discuss this later.

D.J.(VO)
Frank? Can you see this?

HELLER
(into microphone)
What's up?

INT. SUBMERSIBLE

D.J. leans towards the shield. From his angle, it appears the UNIS is badly scratched and ripped.

CONTINUED:

D.J.(CONT)
(concerned)
You tell me. The titanium casing is torn.

HELLER(VO)
Could have happened on impact.

D.J.
No, no way. The damage is too severe.
(pause)
Didn't this unit record an increase in turbulence before it went down?

HELLER(VO)
All four of them did. So?

The lights dance off a WHITE ROCK wedged in the metal and circuitry. D.J. pushes the joystick, bringing him in closer.

D.J.(CONT)
(interrupts)
Hold on, hold everything.

INT. OPERATIONS - DAY

Everyone listens to the radio with curiosity and concern.

D.J.(CONT)(VO)
Wow...that's...I hope that isn't what I think it is.
(pause)
Man, that looks like a tooth.

Masao and Terry lean into the picture trying to decipher what it is D.J. is referring to. Suddenly, the picture goes ASKEW.

D.J.(CONT)(VO)
Jesus!

INT. SUBMERSIBLE

D.J.'s view in the Lexan shield SPINS to face the impenetrable blackness of the distant canyon.

HELLER(VO)
What just happened?!

D.J.
Something just...I just saw something pass over the ridge.

INT. OPERATIONS - DAY

Heller and Masao share a look that is loaded with history.

HELLER
(into microphone)
Talk to me.

MASAO
Frank...?

INT. SUBMERSIBLE

The blue light of the digital console in the sub frames D.J.'s face in a ghostly halo. From somewhere in the canyons there is a NOISE.

A low, deep rumbling.

It sounds like a GROWL.

D.J.
(chuckles nervously)
Okay, what was that? Frank, did you hear that? What the hell is going on?!

HELLER(VO)
We didn't hear anything. Switch radar.

D.J. leans over and begins FLIPPING switches.

D.J.
(scared)
Switching from UNIS tracking to Abyssal Plains Radar.

On D.J.'s console one screen goes dead as another LIGHTS UP.

INT. KIKU - OPERATIONS - DAY

All eyes are on the NEW SCREEN that lights up. A green laser-line arcs across the screen. A RED DOT illuminates D.J.'s submersible in the trench...

HELLER
(into microphone)
Just a few seconds...

INT. SUBMERSIBLE

Then...

CONTINUED:

BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...

A RED DOT flares on the screen, closing in FAST.

D.J.
I'm picking up a huge signal! One hundred yards and closing!

HELLER(VO)
D.J. go! Get out!

D.J. SLAMS on the throttle, RIPS the controls, torques the sub and BLASTS out of the cavern...

EXT. UNDERWATER

The Glider fish-tails, a stream of bubbles in its wake. The sub is laughably tiny as it sputters up the long mountain wall, speeding towards the surface...

INT. SUBMERSIBLE

D.J. leans in on the throttle, passing dangerously close to jagged rocks at high speeds. However, relief fills his eyes as he sees the tip of the wall and the open space beyond...

As he crests the mountain...

....Something YELLOW-WHITE and GIGANTIC fills his shield.

D.J.
Oh God!!

INT. OPERATIONS - DAY

ON MONITOR-SCREEN: As it abruptly EXPLODES into white STATIC. Masao GRABS the microphone.

MASAO
D.J.?! D.J. do you copy?!

EXT. UNDERWATER

D.J.'s glider CRACKS off of rocks and TUMBLES like a boulder, SHREDDING its wings and skin. A billowing silt cloud RISES as the Glider SLAMS sideways and then ROLLS out of control, clearing a swath of destruction all the way to the hard uneven floor.

It lands with a THUD, resembling a CRUSHED soda can.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE

An emergency red light fills the demolished cockpit. D.J.'s face is smeared with blood, body twisted around the console, leg pinned. His eyes flutter. He is ALIVE.

WIDE ON THE SUB: Fifty feet above, through the shield we see D.J. bathed in a red glow...

MASAO(VO)
D.J., do you copy?!

WIDER: He's small now, far away, as the mountain swallows him and the red-glowing Glider in hungry shadows.

MASAO(CONT)(VO)
Son?!

FAR, FAR AWAY: The red light is now less than a pin-point in the cold, empty, black ocean....

MASAO(CONT)(VO)
Answer me!!

CUT TO:

TITLE: FORTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER...

A SIREN cuts the air like a scythe, blaring from the Kiku's Captain's Tower.

INT. KIKU - OPERATIONS - DAY

On the Sonar Console is a CLOCK which reads: 35:15:44.

The room is in a state of controlled CHAOS. Crew-members, Philippine Sailors waiting to carry out orders, Heller, Asakura and Linus are all on phones or shouting.

MASAO stands in the center like an Army General barking out orders and questions with machine-gun fire rapidity...

MASAO
Frank! Report!

Heller holds a small EAR-PIECE to his ear, trying to concentrate amidst the noise on a digital BLIP on one of the screens.

HELLER
Heartbeat still strong. Radar signal is down. The Glider is still intact.

CONTINUED:

KENJI ASAKURA snaps his cel-phone SHUT, shouts to Masao.

ASAKURA
A helicopter will be here in ten minutes! The JAMSTEC Concord is waiting at Apra Naval Base!

TERRY LAUNCHES into the room, a scrap of paper in her hand.

MASAO
(to Terry)
Who's available?

TERRY
(to group)
Quiet! Quiet down!
(to Masao)
It's not good. Walsh has bronchitis and Kettering is diving in Mallorca. He's in Spain. There's no way we could get him here in time.

MASAO
Jesus.

LINUS
Isn't there somebody here that can just dive down there?

MASAO
There are four men in the world who have been to the Challenger Deep. Fewer men than have been to the Moon. My son is one of those men.

Masao hesitates. The room is quiet, waiting for his command.

MASAO(CONT)
(pause)
What about Jonas?

HELLER
Masao! No, that's...

MASAO
(interrupts)
What choice do I have, Frank?!
(to Terry)
Where is he?

TERRY
I called the University of Santa Cruz. They said he just left a Paleo-Biology conference in LaJolla.

CONTINUED: (2)

Masao turns to the CLOCK, it reads: 35:13:30. His eyes go from the clock, to his SON'S HEARTBEAT, thudding steadily on the monitor.

MASAO
(to Terry)
We cannot afford more than twelve hours traveling time...
(pause)
Get him.

CUT TO:

TITLE: 7 HOURS LATER - MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA...

better + more motivated intro to JONAS

A SUBURBAN STREET. Middle income houses are stacked on top of eachother. It is the middle of the night. All the homes are dark. All the homes except for ONE.

A LINCOLN TOWN CAR speeds down the street and comes to a SCREECHING halt outside the only lit house.

INT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Two rough, calloused hands RIP a thatch of vines from a wobbly, wooden fence.

WIDE ON: JONAS TAYLOR, bathed in the backyard floodlights. Jonas is in his mid-forties and used to be in fantastic shape but still doesn't look too shabby. He's baretoot, dressed in khakis and an unbuttoned flannel shirt.

He is throwing himself into his task like a man possessed. He looks burned out. His handsome face is drawn, dark rings encircle his eyes.

And he's a terrible gardener, his small backyard proving this point. He's barely made a dent in this over-grown jungle. Jonas wipes his face on his shirt and stares at his painfully scratched hands.

TERRY(OS)
Jonas?

Jonas WHIRLS around at the unexpected voice.

TERRY TENAKA walks inside the unlatched fence door. She is dressed in the same clothes and looks totally spent.

TERRY(CONT)
I'm sorry. I tried to call.

CONTINUED:

JONAS
Terry? My God...

Jonas crosses the yard and pulls her into a hug. It's the hug of an old friend.

JONAS(CONT)
What the hell are you doing here? Are you all right?

Terry pulls out of the hug, preserving her strength.

TERRY
D.J.'s been in an accident. He was piloting a sub in the Challenger Deep, we have no communication...

Instinctively, Jonas starts to back away.

TERRY(CONT)
We're still picking up his heart beat. Jonas, he only has 36 hours of oxygen.

JONAS
Terry, why'd you come here?

TERRY
You're one of the only people that's ever been there, Jonas.

As if he's forgotten something, Jonas starts backing up towards the house.

JONAS
I can't come with you.

TERRY
You have to!

JONAS
What about Walsh? What about Kettering?

TERRY
You're the closest! Did you hear what I said? D.J. only has 36 hours of oxygen left! Get whatever you need and let's go!

JONAS
(cornered, defensive)
I'm not a pilot anymore.

Jonas vanishes into the house, Terry close behind.

INT. JONAS'S STUDY - NIGHT

Terry enters the room.

TERRY
Jonas...?!

The words die on her lips...

PULL BACK on Jonas's study. It is a SHRINE of some kind.

She's taken back by the walls ornamented with the skeletal jaws of Great White Sharks. the desk and surrounding tables are littered with black, fossilized TEETH.

Above the desk is an anatomical diagram of a MEGALODON'S approximated internal organs. It hangs alongside contour maps of the continental abyssal plains and deep-sea trenches, dozens of books; crypto-zoology, paleo-biology, etc...

Jonas stands at his desk, head bowed, as if he's swallowing something back.

JONAS
(pause)
Has the hull been compromised?

TERRY
We don't think so.

Terry walks towards Jonas slowly, softening her approach.

TERRY(CONT)
All I know is that my brother is dying all alone seven miles under the ocean. If you say no, he's dead. And I don't have any more time...

Terry GRABS a trash can filled with glass and papers and FLINGS it across the room SMASHING it against the wall.

TERRY(CONT)
...to fuck around with you!

Jonas wavers, his mind reeling off a thousand refusals.

JONAS
(pause)
I guess I'll get my shoes.

EXT. COMMUTER AIRPORT - DAWN

A CONCORD JET streaks down a runway and LIFTS into a blinding sun rise...

LINUS(OS)
Do you always landscape at 4 a.m.?

INT. CONCORD - DAWN

Jonas and Terry are seated together. DAVE LINUS is in the next aisle staring at Jonas suspiciously.

JONAS
(to Linus)
I don't sleep.

TERRY
(checks her watch)
We're making good time.
(to Jonas)
Look out your window.

Jonas turns and looks out the right side of the aircraft.

TERRY(CONT)
That's it.

EXT. CONCORD - DAWN

The jet STREAKS over a series of buildings, THE TENAKA INSTITUTE and an empty MAN-MADE LAGOON. The structure lays parallel to the ocean at a length of 3/4 of a mile. A concrete canal at the mid-point of the lagoon's oceanside connects it with the deep waters of the Pacific.

TERRY(CONT)(VO)
Dad's dream. The whale lagoon.

JONAS(VO)
The son-of-a-bitch actually did it.

INT. CONCORD - DAWN

Terry has managed to smile.

TERRY
It hurt Dad that you just dropped off the map. He wanted you to see it.

JONAS
I miss your Dad.
(pause)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JONAS (cont'd)
The lagoon is beautiful.

TERRY
It will be...
(she turns to Linus)
If it opens.

LINUS
(holds up hands defensively)
Hey, that's not my call.

TERRY
(to Jonas)
Dave is a JAMSTEC attorney.

LINUS
(to Terry, flirtatious)
Is that all?

TERRY
(to Linus, not flirtatious)
That's all.
(to Jonas)
JAMSTEC holds the pursestrings to the financing of the lagoon and tied them to the success of the UNIS program.

JONAS
That's what you said D.J. was working on.

Terry nods. Jonas gives Linus an intimidating glance.

LINUS
We're all on the same side here, folks.

EXT. CONCORD - DAY - LATER

As the jet roars over a landscape of clouds...

JONAS(VO)
God damn it.

INT. CONCORD - DAY

Jonas operates a JOYSTICK connected to a lap-top COMPUTER.

TERRY
Just take it slow.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: Is a SIMULATION of the path the Abyss Glider II will be taking. Jonas must operate the Glider, control the speed of descent and be aware of all internal dynamics without smashing the Glider against jagged rocks.

CONTINUED:

JONAS
I'm getting killed here.

ON SCREEN: The Glider swerves left sharply and CRACKS against a mountain wall. The screen turns RED...

JONAS(CONT)
Shit.

Jonas RESETS the program.

ON SCREEN: From the angle of the Glider we soar into a maze of rocky canyons...we move closer into the maze...CLOSER...

FADE TO: FLASHBACK?

BLACKNESS...Gradually we begin to see specks of matter within the blackness. There is the distant WHIRRING of machinery.

A SPOTLIGHT slices the darkness. The WHIRRING is louder now.

THE SEACLIFFE SUBMERSIBLE gently falls into a bottomless water canyon. No rocky walls, no visible floor, there is absolutely nothing. THREE SPOTLIGHTS spin randomly atop this box-like marine research vessel.

INT. SEACLIFFE SUBMERSIBLE

THE ACTION IS IN SLOW MOTION.

JONAS, a younger Jonas, sits Indian Style at a control/ steering panel. Joining him in this tiny circular chamber are two NAVY SCIENTISTS.

One of them takes notes off of a data recorder, the other monitors the DEPTH GAUGE. It reads: 29,755 feet.

Their LAUGHTER is tinny and far away. The dominant sound is the WHIRRING of the Seacliffe's engines.

Jonas looks tired as he flips a quarter into the air repeatedly and catches it, trying to kill the boredom.

He smiles absently as the Scientists CHUCKLE at a shared joke. Jonas turns to the porthole and stares at the smothering darkness.

There is the sound of a heavy, RUSHING CURRENT.

The Seacliffe JOSTLES. The Scientists share a curious look as Jonas turns to the RADAR....

CONTINUED:

As a BLUE DOT flares on the screen!

BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...

CLOSE ON: The quarter dropping to the steel floor with a gentle CLINK...

FLASHBACK?

WIDE AS: The ceiling and floor suddenly COMPRESS!

Jonas falls back against the wall as the Scientists grab their heads from the pressure change.

METAL SCREECHES.

There is the distant sound of SCREAMS, Jonas struggles to rise as the Seacliffe TILTS, forcing him back. He can only watch in horror as the Scientists faces CONTORT from pain, their eyes squeezed shut, their mouths stretched open...

STEAM erupts into the chamber, computers SPARK and EXPLODE, as the ceiling and floor BEND closer together.

Jonas is FROZEN. His crew members collapse to the floor, their arms wrapped tightly around their IMPLODING SKULLS...

2ND TIME TO TIP HER HAND JONAS SEES IT.

EIGHT-INCH FANGS CRUNCH THROUGH THE CEILING AND FLOOR...

Something is EATING THEM...

INT. CONCORD - DAY

Jonas JOLTS in his seat, the lap-top FALLS. Terry and Linus nearly hit the ceiling.

TERRY
Jonas!

For a few seconds, Jonas looks around, wild-eyed. Slowly, he registers Terry's face. He turns away and stares out the window waiting for his entire body to stop shaking.

EXT. KIKU - MAIN DECK - DAY

A HELICOPTER has just landed on the deck. Crew Members and the primary participants are waiting nerve-wracked and exhausted after twelve helpless hours.

Jonas is descended upon from the moment he climbs out of the chopper. PIERRE, the Kiku's young First Mate leads Jonas by the arm up to CAPTAIN LEON BARRE (Mid-40's, barrel-chested). They shake hands.

CONTINUED:

BARRE
Good to meet you, Professor.
(to Sailors)
All right, let's get him out of these clothes!

Two SAILORS work him out of his jacket. Jonas starts unbuttoning his shirt as he's pulled past the Captain's Tower to the other side of the ship. Others straggle alongside, burdened down with DIVING EQUIPMENT.

Barre and Terry follow behind.

BARRE
You're late. We only have eight hours and four of those are going up and down. How is he?

TERRY
(nervous)
Rattled, but he scored a perfect ten on the simulator the last two passes.

BARRE
Just the last two?

MASAO and FRANK HELLER approach. Jonas excuses himself and walks towards Masao. The two men warmly embrace.

MASAO
This gives me hope.

The two men disengage. Jonas turns to Heller.

HELLER
Jonas.

JONAS
Frank.
(pause)
How's D.J.'s cardiogram?

HELLER
Steady.

BARRE
(claps his hands angrily)
Let's go! Let's go! Very little time!

The sailors re-descend on Jonas. His shirt is pulled off. He's wrestling into a diving suit as Heller leads him onto the Bow where the second ABYSS GLIDER perches on a dry mount.

CONTINUED: (2)

JONAS
(concerned)
Looks like there's been a lot of modifications.

A DOCTOR pulls up Jonas's sleeve and begins taking his blood pressure. Another SAILOR is taking down his pants

HELLER
Well, had you bothered to visit the Institute you could've familiarized yourself with it. That's where we keep the proto-type. Operation is roughly the same. I put the escape pod in, that's new. As you can see the hull here...

JONAS
Titanium alloy, buoyant ceramic, capable of withstanding forces...Ow!

The Doctor plucks a NEEDLE out of Jonas's arm.

HELLER
She'll fly down at 600 feet per minute and float back without weights. Saves a lot of battery power.

BARRE
Did Terry explain about the antennae?

JONAS
What about it?

HELLER
(to Jonas)
I need your attention here.

BARRE
D.J.'s signal is down. It's not registering on UNIS radar.

JONAS
I'm flying blind is what you're saying.

Jonas is in the midst of a tornado. He takes deep breaths, answering every fifth question, taking in only bits and pieces of information.

DOCTOR
What have you eaten in the past twenty-four hours, Professor?

CONTINUED: (3)

HELLER
(to Jonas)
Do you understand about the throttle?

JONAS
I had some chicken, some rice, caffeine...

HELLER
Jonas, pay attention!

JONAS
(kneeling down)
I'm here, I'm here, you've got the claw arm underneath.

HELLER
If D.J. is buried under rocks the claw helps clear them. We'll attach the cable to your claw...

JONAS
I attach it to D.J.'s sub and the winch...

Jonas and Heller turn to the large STEEL WINCH hovering above the submersible like a sledgehammer.

Jonas zips up his suit as the Sailors remove his socks.

HELLER
...Safely pulls him up.

Jonas nods his head. His eyes go from Frank's, to Masao's, to Barre's and then Terry's. All of them are waiting.

JONAS
I'll need to see terrain maps, computer models, whatever you have. I'll do a quick interior exam of the sub. As long as the engine ain't broke...
(pause)
I'm ready.

EXT. KIKU - MAIN DECK - 2 HOURS LATER

JONAS, clothed in a diving suit, makes his way through the crowd of Philippine sailors and over to the prepped AG II.

He gives Masao a long hug.

CONTINUED:

JONAS
I'll bring him back.

MASAO
I know you will.

Terry and Jonas warmly embrace, she kisses him on the cheek as Captain Barre opens the hatch of the tail-fin. Jonas approaches the sub.

BARRE
Do you like French-Polynesian cooking, Professor?

JONAS
Like I like breathing, Captain.

BARRE
Roast pig and ginger dumplings tonight. To celebrate your return.

Jonas grips Barre's shoulder and then CLIMBS into the sub.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER - DAY

Jonas SLIDES, on his stomach, into the harness inside the Lexan nose-cone. He looks up at the console.

JONAS
Good God.

It looks like N.A.S.A. MISSION CONTROL. Switches, monitors, gadgets, flashing lights (some blinking, some not), buttons, digital-computer readouts.

Jonas swallows hard and throws himself into PREP; puts on his headset and readies the computers. Behind him, Barre SHUTS the hatch, sealing Jonas inside.

EXT. KIKU - MAIN DECK - DAY

CLOSE ON: The Winch Hook as it LIFTS the AG II into the air.

TWO FROGMEN are in the water waiting as the AG II hovers over the waves. The winch turns into position.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER - DAY

Jonas looks below at the Frog Men. They give him a hand signal. Jonas gives a "thumbs up". He braces himself. The sub JOLTS. The world outside the shield SPINS and TILTS...

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The AG II PLUNGES into the water and UNDER.

INT. UNDERWATER

The 14-foot submersible SPINS like a falling leaf in the darkening waters and then steadies itself. Attached to the claw-arm beneath the sub is a thin, steel CABLE.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

Jonas wipes a drop of sweat from his forehead and focuses on the blackness beneath him. He takes his hand off the joystick for a moment. He is SHAKING, badly.

INT. UNDERWATER

The Glider begins to DESCEND in gentle, arcing circles. Like a twirling beacon it falls further and further away from the bluish surface waters.

JONAS(VO)
What the hell am I doing here?

INT. KIKU - OPERATIONS

Heller, Terry, Masao are seated around the Sonar Console as Kenji Asakura and Dave Linus linger in the background.

Heller initiates Jonas's CARDIOGRAM and the TERRAIN MAP of the abyssal plains in the Challenger Deep. He also taps D.J.'S CARDIOGRAM. D.J.'s heartbeat is slow and steady. He adjusts the microphone and activates the RADIO...

THE CLOCK READS: 05:13:38.

HELLER
Okay, let's see how we're doing.

INT. UNDERWATER

The tiny submersible is surrounded by a gargantuan curtain of blackness. Only the dim glow of Jonas's interior lights can be seen as he shuttles down, engines WHIRRING, he's slowly vanishing, circling deeper....and DEEPER.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

Jonas checks the temperature gauge. It reads: 42 degrees F. He adjusts the thermostat to make it warmer in the cockpit. Something catches his eye. He looks up and JOLTS!

CONTINUED:

THREE GIANT MANTA RAYS fly over his sub, missing by inches.

Jonas closes his eyes and tries very hard to contain his fear and growing claustrophobia.

HELLER(VO)
Jonas?

INT. KIKU - OPERATIONS

There is a back-breaking amount of tension in the room. Heller looks away from the cardiogram.

HELLER(CONT)
(to Masao and Terry)
His heart's beating like a rabbit.
(into microphone)
Taylor, what's your status?

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

Jonas glowers at Heller's voice.

JONAS
(clicks headset)
Lot of water between me and the floor. Things'll be quiet for awhile. Jonas out.

HELLER(VO)
Burn a trail, we have less than an hour and a half.

JONAS
(clicks headset)
Roger that.

The concentrated strain in Jonas's eyes battles with his old instincts which are slowly coming back to life.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNDERWATER - LATER

The blackness is now so thick and so empty, it is not dissimilar from the bleak void of outer space. Jonas's sub continues to FALL in delicate circles.

INT. KIKU - OPERATIONS

Heller's eyes go from the clock to the depth monitor.

CONTINUED:

HELLER
He's been dropping for an hour.
(into microphone)
How you doing there, Taylor?

JONAS(VO)
Mom? Is that you?

Terry shakes her head at this.

HELLER
(into microphone)
Keep it serious.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

Jonas simply shakes his head.

JONAS
(clicks headset)
Frank, at this very moment, there are 16,000 pounds of pressure per square inch of my sub. I'm feeling pretty serious.

INT. KIKU - OPERATIONS

Heller, a little pissed off, leans in...

HELLER
(into microphone)
The temperature should start rising in the next few minutes.

If we read some of JS's lecture, we would know that we are now near the vents.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

Jonas checks his depth gauge. It reads: 34,000 feet.

This should be the 1st time we see the vents.

JONAS
(clicks headset)
Black smokers, two o'clock.

The water outside is thick and black like polluted air. Jonas turns to the digital temperature readout as it RISES; 50'...60'...80'...110'.

JONAS(CONT)
Preparing to hit the hotlights.

INT. UNDERWATER

The Abyss Glider ERUPTS out of a BLACK CLOUD and suddenly, TOWERING above the Glider on all sides, like thin, belching volcanos are the SMOKERS.

CONTINUED:

Jonas HITS THE LIGHTS!

THE CHALLENGER DEEP spreads out before him like an Atlantean Mountain Range. Goliath rock walls spear out of the shadowy floor. Fluttering, albino SEA-LIFE recoil from the lights.

JONAS(VO)
It's like a dream.

Bubbles SPEW from the Glider's tail-fin as it SAILS into the cavernous sea-scape. It slides down along a mountain wall where the glowing tendrils of stringy TUBE WORMS wave in the windy currents. Luminescent FISH dash in and around GIANT CLAMS that rest along the rocky ledges.

HELLER(VO)
Try to lock onto the UNIS signal. You're virtually on top of it. Then we'll sweep our way back to D.J..

The Glider PLUMMETS down into the steepest valley.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

Jonas cranes his neck. His SEARCHLIGHTS bathe the rocky floor sixty feet below. Jonas checks his steering console. The laser-line of the Abyssal Plains RADAR skims an empty circle.

Through the Lexan shield we GLIDE over jagged seamounts. Then there is the gentle PING of the UNIS signal.

JONAS
(clicks headset)
I've located the UNIS.

INT. KIKU - OPERATIONS

Terry's hand reaches out to Masao's. He squeezes it, tightly.

HELLER
(into microphone)
Good. I.D. the UNIS then trace back. D.J. should be in a nearby canyon.

INT. UNDERWATER

The Glider's spotlights swivel and illuminate the UNIS buried beneath a sizable pile of rocks.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

Jonas PULLS back on the joystick. In the Lexan shield the view SWINGS around as Jonas executes a twirling loop.

CONTINUED:

JONAS
Hang on, D.J..

INT. UNDERWATER

The Glider SLICES down between two cavern walls, arcing over sea-floor carpeted with Tube Worms. There is no sign.

INT. KIKU - OPERATIONS

Everyone in the room is holding their breath. Heller has his eye on D.J.'s heartbeat. Masao closes his eyes. Terry prays.

THE CLOCK READS: 02:10:03.

HELLER
He's only got ten minutes.

MASAO
I know.

JONAS(VO)
Nothing yet. I'm sweeping the next corridor. Lots of shadows, here, kind of tough to see.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

From the shield we can see that Jonas is approximately 100 feet from the floor, the walls FLY BY on either side. He's really pushing the speed. We ARC over a natural BRIDGE, dip down into a valley, RACE towards a wall and SPIN to the right over a smooth plateau.

Then Jonas WRENCHES back on the joystick.

INT. UNDERWATER

The Glider hovers, lights swiveling, over the plateau ledge where a sizable piece of the soft silt has been RIPPED AWAY.

JONAS(VO)
Wait.

Inside the shield we see Jonas TWIST the joystick. The Glider SOARS over the torn ledge and LOOPS into the valley below.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

Jonas's eyes are riveted to the left-side wall. There is, what appears to be, a path torn into the rocks. The lights GLINT off of something metal. It's the WING.

CONTINUED:

Jonas TORQUES the sub, it WHIRLS around and DOWN....

D.J.'S SUBMERSIBLE, glows red, half-buried in silt and stone. Within the pod, we can see D.J. moving.

JONAS(CONT)
I got him! I found him!

INT. KIKU - OPERATIONS

Celebration. Hugs are exchanged. Heller shakes his head, amazed. Even Kenji and Linus shake hands, happily.

JONAS(VO)
He looks all right! He's waving, the little bastard!

HELLER
(into microphone)
How's the sub look?

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

Through the shield we DROP further down towards D.J..

JONAS
It doesn't look great but I got to hand it to you, Frank. After the fall this thing took, it's a Goddamn miracle that thing's in one piece.

HELLER(VO)
Be careful clearing any debris. One crack in the shield and that thing pops like a soap bubble.

INT. UNDERWATER

Jonas's Glider HOVERS only ten feet above D.J.'s submersible. The CLAW-ARM creaks and extends towards one of the several boulder-sized stones pinning the sub to the floor.

The claw LIFTS one of the stones and THUDS it on the ocean floor. The sub SHIFTS as its weight lessens.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

Through the shield we see the claw lift another stone and pass over D.J.'s shield.

CONTINUED:

JONAS
(into headset)
He's really wedged in here. How much time?

HELLER(VO)
Less than five minutes.

The controls SLIP in Jonas's sweaty hands. The claw DROPS...

Jonas SNAGS the controls, TILTS the claw, dumping the rock right next to the shield. Jonas breathes deep.

JONAS
Steady. Steady now.

The Claw-Arm gently sweeps more rocks off the tail-fin. D.J.'s glider rolls over, slightly.

JONAS(CONT)
Almost there, buddy.

BLIP.

Jonas turns to the Abyssal Plains RADAR.

BLIP...BLIP...

JONAS
(clicks headset)
Frank, are you receiving this?

INT. KIKU - OPERATIONS

They are. All eyes are trained on the Sonar Console, the blue digital map and the RED DOT that is moving towards Jonas's Glider, also highlighted with a RED DOT.

The celebrating STOPS.

HELLER
(into microphone)
Is D.J. clear?

JONAS(VO)
No, not yet.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...BLIP

It is almost impossible for Jonas to concentrate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONAS
Approaching from the Northwest. It's headed right for the subs.

Jonas's knuckles are white as he operates the claw, SWEEPING the last traces of debris from the sub.

HELLER(VO)
Focus on D.J.. You have a job to do.

BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...

Jonas eyes dart all around his shield, searching the watery sky for the approaching signal.

INT. UNDERWATER

BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...

Jonas's Claw-Arm extends with the cable gripped in its pincers, stretching towards the HOOK on D.J.'s sub.

JONAS(VO)
(pause)
Tell Barre to get the winch ready.

HELLER(VO)
Already done.

BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...

JONAS(VO)
It is right on us. This signal ain't slowing down.

The Claw-Arm scrapes the sub...AND HOOKS THE CABLE.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

Jonas RELEASES the controls.

JONAS(CONT)
Pull him up! Now!

INT. KIKU - OPERATIONS

TERRY is on the intercom phone. Masao gives her the signal.

TERRY
Leon! Pull up the winch!

ON RADAR: The two RED DOTS are about to merge...

INT. UNDERWATER

D.J.'s sub is WRENCHED from its position and clumsily DRAGGED up by the cable, swinging from side-to-side. JONAS hovers alongside of D.J.'s Glider as it RISES.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...

Jonas desperately tries to signal D.J.

JONAS
(pounding on Lexan shield)
D.J., cut the lights! Cut the lights!

why? the movement will attract the creature anyway.

The winch KICKS IN and D.J. is pulled UP and AWAY from Jonas's Glider. He watches the red light lift into the sky.

Jonas's fist tightens around the joystick as he THROTTLES IT.

INT. UNDERWATER

Jonas's Glider SPITS bubbles as it SWERVES and SOARS in the opposite direction from D.J....

INT. KIKU - OPERATIONS

All eyes are on the radar. There is disbelief.

HELLER
What the hell is it and why is he going towards it...?!
(into microphone)
What are you doing, Taylor?! Follow D.J.! That's an order!

ON RADAR SCREEN: THE RED DOT starts to follow Jonas's signal.

TERRY
The signal's following!

MASAO
(realizing)
He's giving D.J. a chance to escape. That's no school of fish.

INT. UNDERWATER

D.J.'s Glider RISES beyond the canyons, soaring towards the thin volcanic smokers and the thick, black cloud, the veil of the Challenger Deep. We see D.J. semi-conscious inside.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...

Jonas grits his teeth as he ROARS around the bend into a new canyon cloaked in shadows. He cranes his neck, looking out the shield for any sign...

JONAS
Where are you? Where the hell are you?

BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...
BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...

A NEW SIGNAL appears on the other side of the Radar screen.

JONAS(CONT)
Oh no.

INT. UNDERWATER

D.J.'s Glider shines red like a tiny firefly as it RISES within fifty feet of the gargantuan WALL OF BLACK SMOKE...

INT. KIKU - OPERATIONS

BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...
BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...

Terry and Masao LEAP to their feet.

TERRY
There's another one!

HELLER
(into microphone)
Taylor! Get over to D.J.! Now!

MASAO
They're being hunted.

INT. UNDERWATER

Jonas's Abyss Glider TORQUES, fish-tails and BLASTS into the water sky, CLEARS the canyons and pours on the speed towards the Black Smokers looming on the horizon.

INT. UNDERWATER - D.J.'S SUB

D.J.'s eyes flutter OPEN as the sub lifts within ten feet of the black, choking cloud. The temperature starts to RISE...

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...
BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...

Jonas looks at the radar. Jonas's signal is BETWEEN the two Red Dots and they are CLOSING IN...

Jonas's eyes lift to the smokers, he watches D.J.'s sub PLUNGE into the smoke...

JONAS(CONT)
D.J.!!

INT. UNDERWATER - D.J.'S SUB

Through D.J.'s shield, the clouds, churn, billow and TRANSFORM into WHITE FANGS!! NO!

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...
BLIP...BLIP...BLIP...

Jonas watches with horror as ALBINO FLESH erupts out of the cloud and something EXPLODES with a FLASH...

JONAS
No! No!

INT. KIKU - OPERATIONS

ON RADAR SCREEN: As the two signals BECOME ONE...

D.J.'s Cardiogram goes FLATLINE....

MASAO
D.J.!!

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

Everything in Jonas's shield turns YELLOW-WHITE...

Jonas LUNGES and CUTS all power. It's dead quiet. The red emergency light flares up in the pod.

CLOSE ON: Jonas's EYES as a shadow falls over him.

JONAS
(whispers)
God...

CONTINUED:

The SHADOW passes OVER. Jonas is frozen.

One one-thousand...two one-thousand...three one-thousand...four one-thousand...five one-thousand...six one-thousand...seven one-thousand... Eight one-thousand...nine one-thousand...ten one-thousand...

The Shadow GROWLS...

INT. UNDERWATER

The biggest-goddamn-TAILFIN you've ever seen in your life, SLICES just past the Abyss Glider...

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

A WALL OF FORCE up-ends the sub, electricity FLASHES, engines GROAN, in the window the cliff rocks RUSH UP to meet the sub.

INT. UNDERWATER

The Abyss Glider CRACKS against the rocks, CLEAVES through a wall of tube worms, SKIDS, RIPS off a wing, SLIDES over loose rocks and TIPS over the edge.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER

The lights FLICKER inside the nosecone. Blood trickles from a gash on Jonas's forehead. Jonas UNHOOKS the harness, SLAMS against the shield, LURCHES towards the Emergency LEVER.

The sub FLIPS as it CRUNCHES off an outcrop of stone. THE CANYON FLOOR IS RISING UP FAST...

Jonas PULLS the lever...

INT. UNDERWATER

The LEXAN NOSE-CONE slides free of the Abyss Glider just as it SMASHES onto the sharp, rocky bottom. Instantly, the sub COMPRESSES, crumpling into a worthless tin can.

CLOSE ON: JONAS, slumped in the corner of the escape pod. With his last ounce of strength he POPS the red emergency light with his fist. The pod goes BLACK...

INT. KIKU - OPERATIONS

There is a terrible cloud of helplessness over them all.

CONTINUED:

HELLER
(into microphone)
Taylor! Taylor, do you copy!

Jonas's signal is GONE from the radar. Captain Barre's VOICE shouts over the intercom.

BARRE(VO)
There's movement on the cable! The sub's still attached!

HELLER
Bring it up! Bring it up!

INT. ABYSS GLIDER - ESCAPE POD

Through the shield we watch as the pod passes through the BLACK SMOKE. The lava-spitting towers offer a dim, greyish light. Jonas is framed in this light.

ABOVE HIM, outside the shield, the water is filled with BLOOD. Flecks of meat, float like snowflakes. HIGHER above him, there is a STRUGGLE.

AN ENORMOUS SHADOW like a demon or a god, writhes and DEVOURS a smaller shadow. It feels as though we are RISING into Hell.

prefer the intro of 2nd leg attack as written in the book

CUT TO: BLACKNESS...

The sound of television CANNED LAUGHTER assaults our ears. A channel change and now CARTOON EXPLOSIONS as the Road Runner outwits Wile E. Coyote.

JONAS(OS)
(groans)
Turn that down...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

JONAS opens his eyes as PAIN rifles through his skull. He delicately touches a bandage wrapped around his head.

He's in a hospital room, barren, military-style furnishings. The door is open a crack. The noxious noise is coming from out in the hall.

JONAS
(louder, annoyed)
Turn that down.

Another channel change and then a NEWS REPORT...

CONTINUED:

REPORTER(VO)
....In addition to record shark hauls, Wake Island's southern shores have also been...

Jonas BOLTS UP in bed.

INT. HOSPITAL - NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT

Dressed only in a hospital skirt, Jonas staggers out of his room. Seated at a wooden table, staring at a portable T.V. is a hefty PHILIPPINE NURSE.

She stares at Jonas with formidable indifference. Jonas moves to the television and adjusts the volume.

ON SCREEN: Scratchy video images of beached WHALES.

REPORTER(VO)
....not only pilot whales but two Humpbacks and well over two dozen dolphins mysteriously beached themselves in the last two days. Tomorrow marks the anniversary....

Jonas turns the t.v. down, his eyes staring off into space, as if he's suddenly remembered all that's happened.

TERRY(OS)
What are you doing out of bed?

Jonas turns to TERRY standing at the end of the hall, a cup of coffee in her hand. She looks like she's had a few very rough nights.

JONAS
(pause)
Where's D.J.?

Terry says nothing. She cannot.

Jonas stares at Terry. It takes a moment to sink in. Then he bows his head, allows his body to slump against the wall.

JONAS
Oh Christ, I should've stayed with him...I should've made sure...

Terry holds up her hand as if to ward off a blow.

TERRY
No. Stop. Just don't.

CONTINUED:

JONAS
Masao?

TERRY
He's in Honolulu. Getting ready....for the funeral.
(pause)
Jonas, there's something you need to see.

EXT. APRA NAVAL BASE - GUAM - NIGHT

Terry's JEEP is parked in front of a large HANGAR. Numerous warehouses encircle the area all surrounded by a large FENCE. An M.P. stands watch at his station.

Jonas and Terry are at the Hangar Door...

TERRY
Okay, Jonas....

Terry SLIDES open the door. LIGHT SPILLS over Jonas.

TERRY(OS)(CONT)
Talk to me.

The entire WINCH CRANE of the Kiku has been removed and placed in this Naval Hangar. Still tangled in the winch cables is the mauled, nearly unidentifiable carcass of an ENORMOUS SEA-MONSTER.

It resembles a shark but the Pectoral Fins are wider and hang longer, more reminiscent of WINGS, like a Manta Ray. The skin is bulky, dense.

The head has been DEVOURED except for the bottom portion of the jaws. What is left is at least FIFTY FEET LONG, ending in the twelve foot tall tail-fin. Hunks of flesh are missing all along the body, causing it to resemble a chewed chicken leg.

Portions of D.J.'S ABYSS GLIDER still hang from the Beast's seven-inch FANGS. Scraps of metal are tangled along the cables. All in all, it's a pretty grisly scene.

ON JONAS: As he walks underneath the giant crane and corpse.

JONAS
Carcharodon Megalodon. It's supposed to be extinct.
(pause)
Who's seen this?

CONTINUED:

TERRY
Just our crew, some Navy officials. Apparently more JAMSTEC officials are en route to Honolulu. There's going to be a meeting there the day after tomorrow to discuss...
(gestures to Meg)
...this. And to discuss what killed it.

JONAS
The female killed it.

TERRY
There was a female?

We need this scene?

JONAS
(pause)
She was twice the size.

TERRY
Twice...?

JONAS
There's something else, Terry. We may have a problem.

Jonas turns and begins marching towards the door.

JONAS(CONT)
We may have a real big problem.

EXT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Jonas breaks into a jog as he heads towards the M.P. Station.

TERRY
Where are you going?!

JONAS
(calling back)
I'll be at that meeting!

EXT. LANDING PAD - APRA NAVAL BASE - LATER - NIGHT

JONAS runs, head low, to a beat-up NAVY HELICOPTER that waits on the pad, rotors spinning. The wild-eyed pilot, JAMES MACKREIDES, sticks his head out the window.

MAC
(to Jonas, shouting)
My God, man, when you call in a favor you don't fuck around, do you?!

CONTINUED:

JONAS
Good to see you, Mac! How you been?!

MAC
I "been" sleeping, you asshole! It's three a.m.!

WIDE ON: THE CHOPPER as it streaks towards the sleepy little bump in the ocean known as WAKE ISLAND....

EXT. AIRPORT - WAKE ISLAND - NIGHT

"Airport" is a bit of an exaggeration; a track of dirt for a runway, a tiny shack for a control tower. Jonas and Mac stand by the chopper.

MAC
The dude's name is Pepe. I did a little time with him back in Guam, so we're cool, y'know. His boat's just over the rise.

JONAS
You're not coming?

MAC
After the story you just told me? No-fucking-thank-you. I'll pass.

EXT. SHORELINE - WAKE ISLAND - NIGHT

As Jonas heads towards a thatch of fishing boats tied to a small dock, PEPE (thirties, muscular, dark-skinned), walks towards him. Jonas notices a rusty six-shooter tucked in Pepe's pants.

JONAS
Pepe?

PEPE
What the hell you want to see a dead whale for?

JONAS
No motor as we go out, understood?

PEPE
Bullshit, I'm gonna row two miles.

JONAS
I'll double your money.

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OPEN SEA - NIGHT

PEPE rows his heart out. Wake Island's few lights shine dimly in the background. The wooden BOAT is only twelve feet long. Jonas looks out at the dark waters, feeling very small and very vulnerable.

> use action + description in beats to suspend

PEPE
We're close. You smell it?

Jonas does indeed. He takes out a FLASHLIGHT and skims the band of light off the smooth waves.

PEPE(CONT)
So how you know, Mackreides, Taylor?

JONAS
(concentrating on the water)
We were in a mental institution together.

PEPE
Hey, me too! All of Mackreides friends are crazy, y'know. That's funny.

Just then the boat BUMPS. All attention goes to the water and the sleek, black SHARK that slides under the waves.

PEPE
Tiger.

JONAS
Thirteen footer.

They spy the large HUMPBACK CARCASS floating about thirty feet away. It is readily apparent that the water is TEEMING with sharks of all sizes.

> why don't they attack the boat? never was all quiet.

Pepe pulls his pistol.

PEPE
Getting crowded.

Jonas takes the oars and rows them through the water until they THUMP against the large, mutilated whale body.

Jonas stands up in the boat. Leaning over the side, he SLAPS the whale corpse, trying to turn it over.

PEPE(CONT)
What are you doing?

CONTINUED:

JONAS
I want to look at the stomach.

PEPE
Why you want to...
(pause)
What was that?

Jonas SPINS around. Pepe is pointing to something twenty feet away. He COCKS his gun.

JONAS
What?

PEPE
Something over there.

Then the boat starts to TURN.

PEPE(CONT)
(whispers)
It's coming under the boat.

Indeed the boat is SPINNING slowly, caught in some kind of current. Pepe's eyes are darting everywhere. The waters are quiet, nothing moves.

PEPE(CONT)
(whispers)
It's not a shark under there.

Jonas LEANS OVER the side.

Something WHITE is HURTLING to the surface.

PEPE(CONT)
(shouting)
What is it?!

JONAS
Hang on!

The HUGE BODY EXPLODES out of the water. The boat nearly CAPSIZES from the impact.

Pepe FIRES his pistol five times....

...as the mauled body of an ORCA turns over revealing its stomach completely GUTTED. Jonas uses an oar to pull the body closer. Pepe cannot believe his eyes.

CONTINUED: (2)

PEPE
What did that? What did that?!

Jonas attempts to measure the bite radius.

JONAS
She could have swallowed it whole.

The boat JOSTLES. Pepe starts rowing frantically for shore.

JONAS(CONT)
What are you doing? Where are you going?

PEPE
I just peed, man. I don't need this. I don't need this shit.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR NAVAL FACILITY - HAWAII - DAY

The sun shines brightly over an impressive assembly of Cruisers and fighter jets.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Terry, Heller and Masao have gathered here along with three representatives of JAMSTEC Corp., including Linus, Asakura and a DR. SIMIDU (mid-60's, distinguished).

Standing in front of them is COMMANDER BRICE MCGOVERN (mid-50's, wry, straight-shooter). The conference hall resembles a courtroom in that there are diagrams and PHOTOS everywhere of the mutilated Meg, along with pieces from D.J.'s submersible.

They are DEBATING.

MCGOVERN
(interrupting)
Look, look, I'm not even remotely interested in the internal squabblings of your two companies. Professor Taylor hasn't arrived and I'm not waiting. I want to know "if" the Navy should be concerned. Is there any chance a Megalodon made it to the surface?

Linus starts flapping his lips.

LINUS
(to Terry)
We're all sorry, we're incredibly sorry but you're missing my point...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCGOVERN
Mr. Linus, I'm speaking?

LINUS
(ignores McGovern, to Terry)
This is the scientific discovery of the century and the people have a right to see it. That's all my clients are saying.

TERRY
The Tenaka Institute is a scientific research center, not a Museum...

LINUS
You're getting emotional, Terry.

MCGOVERN
Hello?

TERRY
Don't tell me I'm getting emotional!

LINUS
Do you understand the kind of money we're talking about?

MASAO
I don't care what people will pay!

MASAO stands up, the force of his presence dropping Linus into his seat.

MASAO(CONT)
I will not immortalize the creature that killed my son. Not in my Institute.

ASAKURA
Tenaka-san, on paper it is "our" Institute and "our" lagoon.

Terry tries to pull Masao into his seat.

MCGOVERN
For God's sakes people! Does anyone have an answer to my question?

HELLER
The answer to your question Commander is "no". There is no danger.

Terry taps her finger on the table, nervously.

CONTINUED: (2)

HELLER(CONT)
I agree with Dr. Simidu that the photos show signs that the creature was attacked by one of its own. Another Megalodon or whatever. The only thing that means is that down in the trench, the most isolated part of our planet, these things have managed to survive.

MCGOVERN
So, the only reason it's here, is because you folks dragged it up.

HELLER
That's right. The temperature change would kill a living creature long before it reached the surface.

JONAS(OS)
You're wrong, Frank.

Every head turns to JONAS and MAC standing in the doorway.

MCGOVERN
Who are you?

JONAS
Taylor, I was the other man on the dive.

MCGOVERN
So, you're Taylor. And you actually saw this thing?

JONAS
Yes, I did.

As Jonas passes Masao he squeezes his friend's shoulder. Masao does not turn to see him but does touch Jonas's hand with his own. Heller rolls his eyes with frustration.

MCGOVERN
(to Mac)
What's your story?

MAC
How much time you got, Skipper?

MCGOVERN
(to Jonas)
Okay...talk.

CONTINUED: (3)

JONAS
The second Megalodon made it to the surface.

Heller scoffs. The JAMSTEC people murmur with surprise.

MCGOVERN
(to Jonas)
How?

JONAS
The Meg that attacked D.J. was a male. We can all tell that by the claspers along the pelvic fin. The female I saw cannibalized her mate. He was tangled in the cable, probably bleeding. So she started to feed. Thousands of gallons of warm blood were spilling into the waters as she ate.
(pause)
I think the female was protected from the temperature change by a cloud of the male's warm blood and rose to the surface.

The JAMSTEC people are hanging on every word. Masao and Terry are horrified by this information.

MCGOVERN
Go on.

JONAS
Forty-eight hours ago I was on Wake Island where whale carcasses are floating a few miles from shore. I saw a dead Orca, an animal with no natural predators, with a bite in its stomach ten feet in diameter.

MCGOVERN
That's a helluva lot of ground for a fish to cover in just a few days.

JONAS
An adult Meg could probably swim thirty to forty miles per hour. She could cover 1400 miles in a couple of days.

MCGOVERN
Where's she going?

CONTINUED: (4)

JONAS
She'll follow the food...

Jonas goes to a BLACKBOARD and takes a piece of chalk.

JONAS(CONT)
This is a rough sketch of whale migratory patterns in the Pacific...

He sketches two lines from Japan, converging into one as they head towards Hawaii...

JONAS(CONT)
If she followed the whales to Wake Island then she'll probably keep moving towards us. Here, in Hawaii...

The line passes Hawaii and heads towards the Pacific Coast of the United States...

JONAS(CONT)
Unless we tag her somehow once she leaves Hawaii, it'll be impossible to find her. The routes branch off...

Jonas illustrates the lines branching towards Alaska, Mexico and San Diego...

JONAS(CONT)
We'll lose her, forever.

MCGOVERN
(unsure)
And there's one more shark in the ocean.

JONAS
No Commander, she isn't a shark, she's a Goddamn war machine. She's 100 feet long or more. Her teeth are twelve or thirteen inches in length and she's got a lot of them. Her mere presence could disrupt whale migratory patterns, cause extinctions, not to mention the hell she could raise along a populated coastline.

MCGOVERN
(nervous chuckle)
Sounds like Godzilla's coming.

JONAS
Godzilla was on our side. The Meg isn't. She just hunts and eats. We have five sensory organs. She has eight. All
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (5)

JONAS (cont'd)
designed to help her search, detect, identify and stalk. She can "feel" the electric charge of her prey's beating heart from hundreds of miles away.
(to Masao)
That's why the signal headed right towards our subs.

I dropped blood in lots of water.

Masao just solemnly nods his head.

MCGOVERN
I'll probably have bad dreams for a week.

JONAS
One more thing...
(pause)
She's pregnant.

Now reveal this?

HELLER
What?!

MCGOVERN
Now, how in God's name do you know that? Are you the father?

JONAS
No, but I had quite a view. I could tell by the dilation in her pelvic girdle and the distended nature of her stomach and caudal keels. I'd say she's carrying several near-term embryos.

He died?

MCGOVERN
And the course of action you'd recommend, Taylor?

JONAS
Send out five ships, fan out around the islands. We need at least six Navy choppers with night-vision equipment, and Marksmen on the choppers armed and ready to tag this thing....

MCGOVERN
Whoa, slow down...

David Linus launches to his feet.

LINUS
Excuse me. Sorry. I'm real sympathetic that Professor Taylor has been through an ordeal but what he suggests does not matter. This was, is and will be a
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (6)

LINUS (cont'd)
JAMSTEC operation and "we" will deal with the creature, if it surfaced.

MASAO
Want to bet?

HELLER
(irritated, to Masao)
Masao. Enough.

LINUS
I think it's all common knowledge that Professor Taylor suffers from "psychosis of the deep", spent some time in a mental institution...

TERRY
Dave, for Christ's sakes.

LINUS
I'm just pointing this out. It might affect his judgement, that's all. I'm not calling him nuts.

The room, however, is silent. Linus nervously flashes looks to Jonas whose gaze is burning a hole right through the man.

MCGOVERN
(pause, to Jonas)
So, all you have is anecdotal evidence?

JONAS
(recovering)
I think it's pretty convincing evidence.

MCGOVERN
Not to a panel of Admirals it isn't. I need the hard stuff; photos, surveillance satellites, something, tourists getting eaten, whatever. Get me something I can convince them with. Then, perhaps the Navy can get involved. Because as of now, this is U.F.O. stuff.
(pause)
I thank you all for your time. My deepest condolences, Mr. Tenaka, to you and your family.

McGovern tips his hat and EXITS.

The others start filing out. Heller sidles up to Masao.

CONTINUED: (7)

HELLER
(whispers)
You just blew it. You just handed them the lagoon.

MASAO
I don't care.

HELLER
(whispers)
I care! I built the damn thing!

What is ea group now going to do?

CUT TO: BLACKNESS...

...then a slant of light visible through hundreds of feet of dark waters. A SOUND, whistling, musical--it's WHALES. The whales are singing up along the surface.

Down below, there is a GROWL...

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - NIGHT

1st pov of Hector Monteverde the screenplay

Moonlight shines on a lifting and submerging pod of HUMPBACKS. Mothers linger close to their calves others roll over an tumble, jostling the waves, their black skin gleaming wet beneath the stars.

OVERHEAD SHOT: Something white is RISING to the surface.

ON ONE OF THE WHALES: As it LAUNCHES out of the water like a missile. There is an ERUPTION of red blood...

CLOSE ON: SERRATED FANGS slicing into a whale's stomach...

WIDE ON: Nothing is discernible from this scene of mayhem. One of the whales LIFTS out from the surface and is WHAPPED against the waters like a wet sock.

UNDERWATER: We are looking up, far, far above us. The whales resemble guppies as a body too large to comprehend and too fast to follow rips and ravages them.

The whale songs are over. All we hear now are the water amplified sounds of teeth rending flesh.

miss the surprise of the scene in the book (e.g., baby, others trying to protect, male gets eaten)

↑ stakes

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - BIG ISLAND - DAY

The sun drips into the ocean and vibrant pink strips of sky blend orange as night emerges.

JONAS drives along this high, cliff road, jungles to his right, glowing ocean to his left. His rental JEEP allows the cool wind to soften his burning anger and frustration.

CONTINUED:

The radio plays Van Morrison's MOONDANCE. As the song ends...

RADIO VOICE(VO)
...95.5 KLTY less interruptions, more of the music you love! Speaking of interruptions, on the A.P. News Wire a report that something ate Jaws. Actually, something ate Jaws I, II, III and IV. I'm not kidding, this morning at Maui's Kaanapali beach seven, mutilated Great White Sharks washed up on shore. Yuck! Tell you what, shark steak's on me tonight!!...

As the rock 'n roll blares, the Jeep SCREECHES to a halt.

Jonas pulls himself up using the roll bar. He takes off his sunglasses to stare out at the darkening ocean. He knows it as he knows the cold sliding up his spine....she's here.

EXT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE - BIG ISLAND - DUSK

JONAS walks down a gravel path towards the Temple which rests on a green mountain cliff. The sun is setting and he sees MASAO sitting along the cliff bathed in warm light.

As Jonas passes the temple where all the Tenakas have been buried, he sees D.J.'s PHOTO hanging alongside his Mother's PHOTO. Jonas approaches his friend.

MASAO
They took my lagoon.

Masao does not look at Jonas. He sits facing the ocean.

MASAO(CONT)
A funny sense of timing they have. Well, I've never been a good politician.

JONAS
I'm sorry.

There is silence between the two men.

MASAO
You're waiting, aren't you Jonas? You're waiting for me to say it.

JONAS
Yes.

Masao rises from his seat and walks towards the cliff. He stares out at the reflecting ocean.

CONTINUED:

MASAO
Leon arrives with the Kiku today. All I have left in this world are Terry and my ship.
(pause)
This Megalodon has taken too much from both of us. I'm angry now. So, all right, I'll say it...You've got the ship, Jonas. Now find it and kill it.

EXT. KIKU - NIGHT

The boat is docked. Several PHILIPPINE SAILORS unload BOXES of equipment from a flatbed truck.

JONAS and BARRE watch from the deck of the ship.

BARRE
Good thing Masao still has his expense account. JAMSTEC is gonna get a big bill.

JONAS
When can you be ready?

BARRE
Sometime tomorrow. I got a skeleton crew here. What's your rush? That fish could be anywhere.

JONAS
Not anywhere. Her hunger will drive her to the surface. That's where she eats. That's where I'll find her.
(pause)
I'm going hunting tonight.

+ win
— mr, she will be in the pacific ocean, too large to find her.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A door OPENS. A drunk HAWAIIAN WOMAN answers. She is cheesily attractive and wears a towel draped over her breasts.

WOMAN
Aloha.

Confused, Jonas checks a scrap of paper in his hand.

MAC(OS)
Jonas!!

A half-naked MAC stumbles to the door.

CONTINUED:

JONAS
Get your clothes on.

MAC
God, I've missed the states.

JONAS
Get your clothes on.

MAC
This is Eunis.

Jonas grabs Mac by both sides of his head. He stares into his friend's red, blurry eyes.

JONAS
Get your clothes on. Now.

MAC
Why do you keep doing this to me?

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

A CHOPPER streaks over gleaming moonlit waters.

INT. CHOPPER - NIGHT

A tiny light flashes and a homing device BEEPS on a TRACKING DART as it slides into a custom-made rifle shaft.

The rifle is COCKED.

ON JONAS: As he slides a pair of ITT NIGHT-MARINER GOGGLES over his eyes. He nestles the rifle into his shoulder.

The wind ROARS through the open door. Jonas is strapped into a make-shift harness as he leans into the wind, staring out at the sea. He's exhausted, they've been at this for hours.

ON MAC: In the pilot's seat, shaking his head with disbelief.

MAC
(shouting over rotors)
Y'know, call me an asshole, but wouldn't daylight help us out a little bit?!

ON JONAS: As he turns away from the door and studies the sea beneath them, detailed on a THERMAL IMAGING MONITOR.

JONAS
(shouting back)
The Meg will hunt at night! Her eyes are too sensitive for daylight!

CONTINUED:

MAC(OS)
I swear, you know this fish better than I knew both my wives!

JONAS
(shouting back)
That should tell you something, Mac!
(pause)
Where did you get all this thermal imaging equipment?! I thought you were broke!

MAC(OS)
It's sort of on permanent loan from the Coast Guard! I know what you're thinking, I ain't smuggling no drugs! I don't do that no more!

JONAS
What do you smuggle now?!

ON MAC: Checking the fuel gauge.

MAC
Oh, y'know, guns, small arms, that sort of shit! We're getting kind of low of fuel here, pal, so...

JONAS(OS)
I'm picking up another pod of humpbacks, about eleven o'clock! Let's check it out then turn back!

Mac leans in on the steering console.

EXT. CHOPPER - NIGHT

The buzzing metal bird BANKS left. The twinkling lights of Maui's resort areas shine many miles distant.

INT. CHOPPER - NIGHT

JONAS'S P.O.V.: THE HUMPBACKS glow in a mercurial red through the Night-Vision goggles. Their movement is easy to detect against the cold, grey ocean backdrop.

Jonas sees baby CALVES, lingering close to their lumbering mothers. All in all, there appears to be twelve whales.

So, what's that fuzzy, yellowish blob to the left?

Jonas's gentle smile fades. He refocuses the goggles.

stevno so easy for Jonas to find her.

CONTINUED: (2)

JONAS
(whispering)
Mac, bring us down.

JONAS'S P.O.V.: The yellow blob shifts UNDER the whales.

Jonas SPINS around to the thermal imaging monitor.

The yellow image is FLOODING THE SCREEN with it's SIZE.

JONAS(CONT)
Bring us down!!

ON MAC: He casually looks out his side window.

MAC'S P.O.V.: Even in the darkness he can see the ALBINO FOOTBALL FIELD RISING to the surface.

MAC
(whispers)
Fuck me dead.

JONAS(OS)
Mac!! Do it!!

Mac TILTS the steering console DOWN.

MAC
That's a big shark, Jonas!! That's a really big shark!!

EXT. CHOPPER - NIGHT

The nose of the chopper DIPS and STREAKS down at a 60 degree angle, SOARING OVER...

* suspense of book *

...A SCENE OF SLAUGHTER.

The MEG is attacking. WHITE FROTH spits into the air. Only the rampaging humps of escaping bulls can be glimpsed within the FURY of the battle. From out of the tumult, the body of a CALF is literally THROWN seventy yards across the waves.

INT. CHOPPER - NIGHT

MAC pulls back on the steering column to avoid collision with the living projectile.

MAC
Christ Almighty!!

ON JONAS: He LURCHES back from the G-forces and then struggles back into position, rifle at the ready.

CONTINUED: (3)

NIGHT-VISION P.O.V.: The chaos has blended the images into one. Blobs of red split away from the central core of heat imaging. The Meg's yellowish glow sprawling like a disease over all the whales.

JONAS(OS)
Lower, Mac!! I can't get a shot!!

ON MAC: As he tries hard not to look out the window.

MAC
I'm not taking her lower!!

JONAS(OS)
I gotta get the shot!! God damn it!!

EXT. CHOPPER/OCEAN - NIGHT

The chopper DROPS further, parallel to the roiling seas. Amidst the violent SPLASHING come inhuman GROWLS, belching sounds, suffering, churning, CRUNCHING.

The chopper HOVERS only seventy-five feet above the melee.

INT. CHOPPER - NIGHT

Jonas RIPS off the goggles and lifts the rifle view-finder to his eyes.

JONAS
Come on...come on...
(to cockpit)
Mac, give me some light!

From over Jonas's shoulder SPOTLIGHTS BLAZE ON....

And we see the INSANITY below. The white froth now plumes with BLOOD. Gutted slabs of meat roll over in the waves, their insides glistening. Still no clear shot.

MAC(OS)
If you're gonna do it, do it!!

JONAS
Come on...

OVER JONAS'S SHOULDER the waters CLEAVE aside as the GARGANTUAN, RED-EYED SNOUT OF THE MEG sinks its teeth into a CALF that SCREAMS.

Jonas should not see me so well yet

JONAS(CONT)
I got you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The chopper BUCKS...

BLAM! The rifle fires, missing wide.

JONAS(CONT)
Shit!
(to cockpit)
Mac! Keep her steady!

MAC(OS)
I'm trying not to crap my pants!

JONAS unbuckles the harness and wriggles his shoulders out of it. Tentatively, Jonas STEPS one foot onto one of the chopper's landing legs. He braces himself against the doorway and SLIDES another DART into the chamber.

MAC leans his head around the cockpit and SEES Jonas.

MAC(CONT)
Are you out of your mind?!

JONAS
Bring us lower!!

MAC
She won't go lower!!

JONAS
Yes, she will!!

MAC
"I" won't go lower!!

MAC turns back to the cockpit. His eyes bulge as he peeks out over the window.

MAC(CONT)
Oh, fuck it!
(reciting)
Hail Mary, full of Grace, the Lord is with me....

As Mac recites, he gently, gently, maneuvers the chopper to within fifty feet.

EXT. CHOPPER/OCEAN - NIGHT

The chopper spins in smaller and smaller circles. The rotors FAN back the water with blistering wind force. Dead Humpbacks BOB like buoys in the bubbling sea.

CONTINUED:

INT. CHOPPER - NIGHT

JONAS pivots and swivels, rifle aimed, searching.

A HORN BLASTS. Jonas spins to the cockpit.

JONAS
Mac?!

MAC(OS)
It's a stall-horn! We're flying too slow!!

The STALL-HORN BLASTS again.

MAC(CONT)
(turns around to Jonas)
Y'know, there's never a good time for your chopper to fall in the ocean! But, I'll tell you, Jonas, if I had to pick the absolute worst possible time...it'd be right now!!

The STALL-HORN BLASTS. Jonas turns back to the ocean below.

JONAS
Where are you? Where are you, you son-of-a-bitch?

The STALL-HORN BLASTS.

Jonas suddenly gets a very queasy feeling. He looks DOWN, realizing how CLOSE they are to the water.

THE STALL-HORN BLASTS.

Jonas thinks for a moment, piecing it together....

THE STALL-HORN BLASTS.

Slowly, Jonas turns to the thermal imaging monitor...

IT'S RISING LIKE A ROCKET.

Jonas SPINS to the cockpit.

JONAS
Mac, get us out!! Get us out!!

ON MAC: 'Nuff said. Mac WRENCHES back on the steering console.

We know that Jones knows the sound will attract her. He should be shocked when she appears

EXT. CHOPPER/OCEAN - NIGHT

As the chopper PULLS UP...

THE MEG BREECHES OUT OF THE WATER AT FORTY MILES PER HOUR, for the first time we see her in her full, horrifying glory, SPEARING at the chopper faster than it can escape...

INT. CHOPPER - NIGHT

Jonas TOPPLES and FALLS out of the chopper, SNAGS the door with one arm. He looks DOWN....

...AS JAWS, red gums and white fangs, RISE UP AT HIM.

Jonas SWINGS his free arm around, clutching the rifle and FIRES BLIND as the MEG'S snout THUMPS the landing legs of the mosquito-sized chopper.

ON MAC: As he fights with the controls...

MAC
Whoa Nellie!!

EXT. CHOPPER/MEG - NIGHT

As the shining white MONSTER tilts and FALLS BACK, the chopper TORQUES out of control, spiraling down, twisting wildly...

ON JONAS: The rifle FLIES out of his arms as he CLINGS like an autumn leaf to the landing legs of the chopper.

THOOOM!!! The Meg PLUNGES back into the ocean.

INT. CHOPPER - NIGHT

MAC grits his teeth, eyes ablaze. He wrestles the chopper into control as the metal bird is SHOWERED with spray.

Mac WHIPS back on the steering console.

ON JONAS: He's just climbed back into the chopper as it LIFTS, throwing him back against the metal wall with a THUD.

The engines groan as the chopper finally steadies itself.

Jonas is still too terrified to move. He waits for his heartbeat to regulate when he hears LAUGHTER.

MAC pokes his head around from the cockpit. He shouts over the rotors....

CONTINUED:

MAC
That was insane! That was positively scarier than Sunday school! Did you get her?!

JONAS
I don't know, I don't know...

Jonas shuts his eyes tightly, tries to control his fear.

EXT. KIKU - MAIN DECK - DAY

The Hawaiian sun reflects a blinding glare off the blue ocean waters. The Kiku is docked in a crowded Honolulu Harbor.

On board, COMMANDER MCGOVERN and JONAS shake hands.

MCGOVERN
Her name's the Nautilus. She was decommissioned in 1980. Not exactly a Los Angeles Class submarine but she'll get the job done. You've gotten the Navy's attention but this isn't a fox hunt. If this Megalodon poses a threat to civilians or you yourselves are threatened. We'll respond.

JONAS
I appreciate the help, Commander.

PIERRE(OS)
Professor Taylor!

The two men turn to PIERRE waving frantically from Sub-Deck.

INT. KIKU - SUB-DECK - DAY

Barre, Masao, Heller, Pierre and Mac are hovering around a SONAR-TRACKING CONSOLE. Heller and Barre put the finishing touches on the equipment

Jonas and McGovern join them as Barre POWERS up the console.

BARRE
This is the moment of truth.

The pinging SCREENS flicker and come to life. Heller adjusts some coordinates. A blue laser-line swiftly arcs over the screen. Then....BLIP.

Everyone leans in.

BLIP...A BLUE DOT appears on the screen.

CONTINUED:

JONAS
We got her.

BARRE
Pierre, assemble the men!

JONAS
Looks like we're going to war.

EXT. BEACH - OAHU'S NORTHSHORE - NIGHT

go back to other surf scene.

The sunset leaves only a hazy, pink after-burn to fight against the darkening sky.

Four surfers, WARREN, KENNY, JEFF and BILL drink beers alongside EVA and SUE, Bill and Jeff's girlfriends. A BONFIRE warms them against the night chill. Bill's little brother GREG skirts the shoreline looking for shells.

KENNY
Ric Flair would've slapped the figure-four on Bruno Sammartino and snapped that man's hairy, meaty legs.

JEFF
(laughs)
Yo, remember when Zbyscko whacked Sammartino up the head with the chair? When they were a tag-team? I was like five years old and digging that shit.

EVA
You guys have been talking about pro-wrestling for, like, seven hours. Do any of you have a shred of dignity left?

BILL
Last call, gentlemen?

They all drop their bottles and grab their boards.

Laughing, Jeff, Warren and Kenny launch into the surf. Bill pads over to his little brother.

BILL(CONT)
Greg, stay near the girls, okay?

Six-year old Greg sticks his tongue out at his brother. Bill DIVES into the ocean, paddling after his friends.

ON THE WATER: Warren, Kenny and Jeff are already a few hundred yards out to shore, Bill is catching up behind them.

CONTINUED:

JEFF
No, dumb-ass!

KENNY
Iron Sheik had the Cobra Clutch, stupid. And, why you gotta be so aggressive calling me a "dumb-ass" all the time?

A swell LIFTS under their boards. The surfers PADDLE furiously to catch up with the wave. Jeff catches it while Warren and Kenny are forced to sit it out.

They are far, far out from shore. The water out here is about NINETY FEET DEEP. Their legs KICK and SPLASH.

BACK ON SHORE, Greg carries a small stick and WHAPS at something. Eva and Sue walk up behind him.

EVA
What's doing, Greg?

GREG
Yucky.

Eva and Sue both look down and then RECOIL.

why TP this?

FLESH has washed up on shore. Dollops of flesh and viscera fill the surrounding shallows. Frightened eyes scan the rest of the shoreline and sure enough, chunks of whale are washing up with the tide.

EVA
Bill!!

ON BILL: As he WHIPS down thirty feet, a ceiling of churning foam ROARS over his head as he RIPS a turn and slices across a massive wall of water. He ducks down to avoid getting smashed but too late...WIPE OUT.

Warren and Kenny laugh their asses off as Bill's legs disappear in the raging waves.

Jeff catches the tail end of the wave, twisting out of the break just fast enough to remain standing.

Warren and Kenny applaud when the hear the SHOUTS.

They can barely make out EVA and SUE.

WARREN
What the hell do they want?

CONTINUED: (2)

JEFF(OS)
Yo! I'm going in!

Warren and Kenny turn to JEFF who drifts seventy feet in front of them.

JEFF(CONT)
Are you coming?

THE MEGALODON SURFACES, JAWS WIDE.

Jeff's back SNAPS and his board CLEAVES in two as the jaws CLOSE over him. The white snout disappears under the waves.

ON EVA AND SUE: The two of them blink their eyes.

SUE
(whispers)
Jeff?

ON WARREN AND KENNY: Their jaws hang open. The water has suddenly gotten very cold. Neither of them knows what to do.

Then their boards begin to TURN. Kenny looks down.

KENNY
(whispers)
Don't-don't-don't...

Warren is hyperventilating, unable to speak.

ON BILL: Who surfaces thirty yards behind Warren and Kenny.

BILL
Jesus! That was awesome!

Warren and Kenny turn to Bill like ghosts. Immediately, he knows something is wrong. He hears the SCREAMS on shore.

ON GREG: Alarmed by the girls' screaming, he drops his stick. His face crumples as he begins to cry.

ON BILL: He doesn't know what's going on.

BILL(CONT)
Where's Jeff?!

His answer is a TEN-FOOT TALL, GIANT WHITE FIN which SPEARS out of the water, taller by far than Bill.

It's moving swiftly TOWARDS HIM.

CONTINUED: (3)

BILL(CONT)
Oh man.

WARREN and KENNY start to double-paddle their hearts out. They have a long, long way to go.

ON BILL: He gingerly lifts his legs out of the water as the water under him turns ALBINO WHITE.

Bill can see RED EYES. The Meg's head is twenty feet wide.

Bill feels himself being DRAGGED by the enormous current. As he watches the tail pass under he DIGS his hands into the water and starts to PADDLE.

ON SHORE: Sue and Eva's screams have drawn the attention of three other COUPLES. All of them watch in disbelieving horror as the gargantuan fin TURNS and GLIDES towards Bill....

EVA
Somebody help him! Do something!

SUE
Oh my God. Oh my God.

ON BILL: His muscles strain as the waters behind him PART for the approaching Meg.

The waters LIFT and Bill LUNGES to catch the swell, hopping onto his board, crouching low, the waters begin to break, the fin is closing in....

The waters SPLIT into a massive thirty-foot wave. Bill twists his hips, flashes over the top and then DOWN...

He STREAKS down the breaker, water spitting in his wake, a curving, white, roiling ceiling above. Bill SLIDES up, twists and dives again, wrenching all the speed he can from the wave, sucking it dry, WHIPPING his board to catch the angles.

And as the waters begin to CRASH behind him with explosive force, something starts to happen...

The waters churn, clear and TRANSFORM into the jagged MAW of the Meg. She ROCKETS towards the tiny surfer, her giant snout erupting from the tumbling froth.

Bill looks over his shoulder at the sea monster only ten feet away. He TUCKS his body low, TORQUES his hips and narrowly avoids decapitation as he BLASTS clear of the collapsing wave. He rides out his momentum and then...

CONTINUED: (4)

DIVES into the water, his ankle still attached to the board by a rope. But Bill isn't thinking, only trying to survive. He free-styles, arms pounding the waters.

He cannot hear the SCREAMS on shore.

Suddenly, he YANKS backwards. Bill turns...

As the Meg LOCKS it's jaws over the surfboard. She's only six feet away. Bill SCREAMS as the Meg OPENS her jaws again, DRAGGING in hundreds of gallons of water and PULLING Bill closer and closer to death.

He's trapped, he spins and struggles to swim free, his bare feet are practically TOUCHING the monster's exposed snout. Bill makes peace with his God.

As a SEARING SPOTLIGHT flashes over the Meg...

And MAC'S CHOPPER ZOOMS over the nearest cliffside.

The Meg instinctively WHIPS away from the harsh light, severing Bill's surf cord on her sharp fangs. Bill takes the opportunity and frenzies for the shore line.

INT. MAC'S CHOPPER - NIGHT

Mac talks into his headset microphone as he stares out the window. There is a CROWD on the beach.

MAC
I found her! Jesus Age, there's swimmers down there! Holy smokes!

EXT. KIKU - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Two sets of muscular arms lowering a HARPOON GUN into a sliding shaft. A whirring BOLT GUN rivets the weapon into place.

WIDE ON: Fifteen CREW-MEMBERS, including Jonas, putting the finishing touches on the newly battle-outfitted Kiku. They work by the light of the Kiku's spotlights.

MASAO(OS)
I don't care what you do! Go!

Jonas turns his head as TERRY storms out from below deck, heading for the dock. Jonas runs to cut her off...

JONAS
Terry, slow down, where you going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Terry WHIPS around, temper flaring.

TERRY
He's a stupid, stubborn...asshole!

JONAS
What happened?

TERRY
He says I've been acting like a school girl with a crush! That I wasn't tough enough with JAMSTEC! He thinks I've been....

Terry is too angry to finish, instead, she looks around, FINDS a bucket of nails and screws, LIFTS it and THROWS it towards Sub-Deck. The bucket KLANGS against the wall scattering thousands of nails and screws. The crew groans.

JONAS
Feel better?

TERRY
He never does anything to help himself! It's always me! I tried to save the lagoon, I did everything I could! I'm sick of picking up the pieces of his life!

JONAS
I know, I know he's stubborn but we need you here Terry. Don't leave.

TERRY
Nothing gets his attention. Nothing I do. Everything D.J. did...
(pause)
Shit.

Jonas pulls Terry into a hug, a warm hug.

BARRE(OS)
Taylor!!

Everybody WHIRLS to Barre in the Captain's Tower.

BARRE(CONT)
Mac's spotted the Meg! She's heading due East off Oahu's North Shore!

JONAS
Can we make it?

CONTINUED: (2)

BARRE
It's about ten nautical miles but we'll give it a shot! All crew to Battle Stations!

Barre DUCKS his head into the Tower. The crew stands around, confused. Barre REAPPEARS.

BARRE(CONT)
I always wanted to say that!

EXT. MAC'S CHOPPER - NIGHT

The Chopper's spotlight has the Meg clearly targeted in the dark, ocean waters. The metal bird BLAZES after her, both the chopper and the Meg reaching high speeds.

The Meg's albino hide can be seen thirty or forty feet beneath the water as she speeds away from the irritating light. The view from Mac's chopper is horrifying and awesome.

INT. MAC'S CHOPPER - NIGHT

Mac keeps one eye on the Meg and one eye on his altitude.

MAC
Mac do this, Mac do that, Mac go chase the big God-damn-dinosaur! I'm too nice! I can't say no! Too God-damn nice!

Mac leans in on the throttle, lowering the chopper.

MAC(CONT)
Don't you try that little jumping trick, you ornery bitch. I'm on to you, oh yes I am. No place to go, big Mama.

Suddenly, Mac's lights glare off of another object in the water, RUMBLING towards the Megalodon out of the darkness.

MAC(CONT)
(into headset)
Looks like we got ourselves some spectators!

WIDE ON: The 160-foot black, whaler TSUNAMI cleaving through the waters on a collision course with the Meg. As the ship BLAZES past we see CREW-MEMBERS stationed at five separate HARPOON RIFLES and a lattice-work of HARNESS-NETTING all along the port side. Smoke belches from her tower...

CONTINUED:

MAC(OS)
I take that back! These boys mean business!

INT. KIKU - CAPTAIN'S TOWER - NIGHT

JONAS and BARRE listen to Mac's report as the ocean waters race by far beneath the tower windows.

MAC(VO)
It's a whaler! Decked out too! This bad boy's not even legal in these waters! Of course I'm on probation myself, so...

JONAS
(to Barre)
Could she have been tagged twice?

EXT. TSUNAMI - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

From this vantage point, the Tsunami DIPS and a wave of water SPRAYS all aboard, then the Tsunami LIFTS over a thirty-foot swell and DEAD-AHEAD we see the MEGALODON...

Her shining WHITE FIN and bulky, flesh-armored hide DISAPPEAR and REAPPEAR in the jostling surf.

The scene is CHAOS as Mac's chopper ZOOMS in over the Tsunami, trying to keep the Meg in its sights. The Tsunami pulls within FIFTY YARDS of the sea monster.

BOOM! The Tsunami's HORN blasts, as it rages closer...

MAC(VO)
What are they thinking?! I'm afraid I'm about to see some serious property damage!

The Tsunami rages against the waves DIRECTLY PARALLEL to the Meg. The great dinosaur seems to EQUAL the Tsunami in length. Her size beneath the waves is nothing short of astonishing.

BLAM! A HARPOON sails wide of its mark.

MAC(VO)
She's going under! I'm losing her!

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Mac's chopper SWOOPS over the TSUNAMI whaler as the gargantuan, albino GLOW recedes into the inky black waters.

INT. MAC'S CHOPPER - NIGHT

Mac watches as the Meg DESCENDS and VANISHES.

MAC
I got no visual! Damn, she just dropped like a comet!

BARRE(VO)
The signal has vanished! Jonas says to come back to the ship!

MAC
What about this whaler?

BARRE(VO)
We know who it is.

Mac pulls back on the throttle as the chopper abruptly SWERVES off into the star-lit sky, leaving the Tsunami to rage through the ocean.

EXT. TSUNAMI - MAIN DECK - NIGHT - LATER

DAVE LINUS shudders against the cold. The wind blasts the deck as the Tsunami PLOWS through the sea at break-neck speed. He CROSSES the deck where KENJI ASAKURA is draped over the railing puking his guts out.

Linus sidles up next to Asakura.

LINUS
What's the Japanese word for Dramamine?

Asakura wipes his mouth with a handkerchief as he sits on a pile of LABELED CRATES. Linus peruses the crates.

LINUS
Any of this stuff remotely legal?

The crates are clearly marked KETAMINE and PENTOBARBITAL.

ASAKURA
Don't concern yourself with that. Concern yourself with finding the signal.

From ABOVE, an order is barked in JAPANESE. Linus looks up.

LINUS
Great, your barfing woke up Long John Silver.

CONTINUED:

Tromping down the metal steps from the Captain's Tower is CAPTAIN OTOMO. He sports a thin moustache, numerous tatoos on his short-sleeved, sinewy arms and a black Captain's cap.

He growls something in JAPANESE.

LINUS
What'd he say?

ASAKURA
Captain Otomo says until you relocate the signal, we do things the old-fashioned way.

Otomo turns and points to SOMETHING gleaming in the water off the Tsunami's bow. Otomo laughs and says something to Kenji.

ASAKURA(CONT)
(to Linus)
He say the Megalodon make his job easy. Kills all the bulls leaving the calves on the surface.

WIDE ON: THE TSUNAMI bearing down on a BABY WHALE desperately trying to escape. The spotlights SWIVEL over it like cross-hairs. Crew-Members wait by the HARPOONS...

ASAKURA(CONT)
Captain Otomo say to find the Megalodon you give her what she want....you give her food.

BLAM! BLAM! TWO HARPOONS sail from the deck of the Tsunami. One of them PLUNGES into the calf.

EXT. TSUNAMI - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

A CHEER rises from the sailors, celebrating the kill. Otomo slaps his hand on Linus's chest, and walks away chuckling as the sailors REEL in the calf.

LINUS
(shouting after him)
That ain't exactly Moby Dick, don't know why you're so pleased with yourself.

INT. KIKU - SUB-DECK - NIGHT

Barre, Heller and Mac are talking loudly and enjoying a snifter of BRANDY from Barre's private stock. They're all drunk. Mac is regaling them with war stories.

CONTINUED:

Masao and Jonas sit by the SILENT Sonic-Tracking Console.

JONAS
(to Masao)
She's too deep, the tag can only report from depths above seven, maybe eight hundred feet.

MASAO
Why was JAMSTEC out there tonight?

A burst of laughter...

MAC(OS)
Hey Jonas, you remember that night at Apra, don't you?

Jonas turns to Mac, the others are chuckling.

MAC(CONT)
(to others, continuing story)
...So it's about 0100 and I sneak the girls back on the base into the looney ward, right? They're all into it, start taking off their clothes, now this whole escapade wasn't cheap I remind you, and I send them off to Jonas's room.
(pause)
Well, I had had a little bit to drink that night and to my credit I got Jonas's room number right...

JONAS
(interrupts)
They just got the wrong floor.

Major laughter starts to erupt....

MAC
Needless to say Head Nurse Irma Bremiller, a woman who could drink like a sailor and fight like one too, woke up to several visitors in her boudoir.

Everyone is laughing hard, including Jonas.

JONAS
But Irma never said a thing.

MAC
No, in fact she was downright cheerful the next day. But Jonas, you know, my heart was in the right place.

CONTINUED: (2)

As the laughter dies down, Heller levels a long and steady gaze on Jonas.

HELLER
How long were you in the pen at Apra, Taylor?

JONAS
Three months.

HELLER
How's it feel?

JONAS
How's what feel?

HELLER
After all these years. After all this time being laughed at, being thought of as a Navy embarrassment...

The room is getting uncomfortably silent.

HELLER(CONT)
...How's it feel to be vindicated? Are you proud you did it? Proud you proved all those people wrong?

JONAS
(pause)
You mean people like you, Frank?

MAC
Guys...

HELLER
No, I'm one of the small minority who still thinks you're a disgrace.

MASAO
Frank, you're drunk.

HELLER
See, I don't care if you saw a Megalodon or a fucking Mermaid, you're hesitation cost two good scientists their lives and don't you ever forget that. You've used that monster as a scapegoat for ten years and you still are...

CONTINUED: (3)

JONAS
(pause)
Are you talking about D.J.?

BARRE
Both of you shut up.

JONAS
Is that what you mean?

HELLER
I don't know Taylor, it just seems to me that whenever your around, bad things happen to good people.

Jonas LAUNCHES out of his chair, Barre and Mac hold him back.

JONAS
What's the matter, Frank?! You don't have the guts to say it?! You said it ten years ago! Say it!!

SLAM! Like THUNDER Masao's hand comes down on the console. Everything stops as every eye goes to Masao. His granite expression is crumbling beneath an ocean of sadness. He looks too stricken with grief to speak, but his look at Jonas and Frank says volumes.

Jonas shakes off Mac and Barre and heads up the ladder towards the Main Deck.

EXT. KIKU - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Jonas's fists tighten around the deck railing. He swallows back not only anger but immeasurable shame. His head drops as old memories rush into his mind.

TERRY(OS)
You're not going to throw up, are you?

Jonas opens his eyes and sees TERRY, fifteen-feet below in one of the LIFE-BOATS, curled up in the corner.

JONAS
What are you doing down there?

TERRY
It's my secret hiding place. If you promise not to tell anybody I'll let you come down.

CONTINUED:

JONAS
Cross my heart.

Jonas climbs over the railing and scales down a somewhat perilous series of shelves. He steps into the boat.

TERRY
When my Mom died we spread her ashes in the ocean. I used to come down here when I was a kid and look for her spirit in the waves. A few times I thought I saw her. Maybe I really did, I don't know.
(pause)
Frank was out of line in there. If it's none of my business, I understand. These walls are thin.

JONAS
I should not have been down there. I should not have been piloting that sub. It was my fourth dive in eight days. Two would be extreme but four was just... But Frank was my Commanding Officer and he wanted me to do it. He overruled the physician of record. So, I went....

TERRY
Then why torture yourself for so long?

JONAS
You don't understand.

TERRY
I understand. I just don't feel as sorry for you as you do. You did what you were told to do. Why put yourself through this?

JONAS
You want to know why?

TERRY
Yes.

JONAS
Because he's right.
(pause)
Because I wasn't tired. I was bored. I was the best pilot in the world. Shit, I could've done six dives. I was a man without fear and he knew it.
(pause)
But when the water moved and I felt that
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

JONAS (cont'd)
current slam us...and I looked out the porthole and saw how huge, those red eyes, like fire behind glass. And I knew that she was circling under, she was ready to strike...Well, I dropped the weights and I dropped them fast because I was scared, for that split-second I was terrified. And then there was nothing left for me to do but listen to the screams and think about how I had just murdered us all.

TERRY
And when you told your superior officers what you saw...?

JONAS
They did exactly what they should've done they threw me in the psycho ward.
(pause)
It's like I've been carrying this...shadow of guilt with me ever since. This shame. And no matter what I do, I can't hide it.
(pause)
I can't hide it because it's alive. It is out there. That shadow is a physical force and it's never going to stop reminding me of that one moment of fear. It's the strangest nightmare because I can't sleep...and I can't wake up.
(pause)
I'm so tired.

Jonas rubs his exhausted eyes and leans back on a pile of life-preservers. Terry crawls over to him and lays her head down on his chest.

EXT. KIKU - LIFE-BOAT - DAY

MAC(OS)
Jonas?! Terry?! Where the hell are you?!

Jonas's eyes flutter open and squint at the bright morning sun. It takes him a moment to figure out where he is. He looks down at Terry, her face tucked next to his neck, her leg draped over his.

JONAS
Uh-oh.

INT. KIKU - SUB-DECK - DAY

Jonas and Terry stagger down into the sub-deck where Heller, Masao, Mac and Pierre have gathered around a TELEVISION.

MASAO looks grey like a ghost.

TERRY
Dad?

He holds up his hand for her to be silent as he stares at the screen. Jonas and Terry both maneuver around to see...

ON SCREEN: A helicopter's view of Masao's WHALE LAGOON...

EXT. WHALE LAGOON - DAY

TWO CHOPPERS hover above a large CROWD that has gathered along with multiple NEWS CREWS with their trucks.

There are uniformed JAMSTEC OFFICIALS standing by the restraining wall of the empty Lagoon.

Over this aerial shot, a news report plays...

REPORTER(VO)
...During the hastily called press conference no details were given as to "why" the opening was sped up way ahead of schedule. This is being hailed as a JAMSTEC celebration with no mention of the Tenaka Institute or of the man who dreamed this lagoon, Masao Tenaka, who has not returned numerous calls from Channel Nine. Why that is and if...
(pause)
I think they're opening the doors...

As the crowd below CHEERS, the walls GROAN and then begin to MOVE, pulling apart, at first a CRACK, water starts POURING inside and then, an EXPLOSION of water GUSHES into the lagoon, a tidal wave of force as the walls shudder.

REPORTER(VO)(CONT)
What a scene down there.

INT. KIKU - SUB-DECK - DAY

ON SCREEN: The grainy image of the Whale Lagoon filling with water...

CONTINUED:

REPORTER(VO)(CONT)
The largest aquarium in the world, what an accomplishment for JAMSTEC, what a gift to Monterey and it's tourist economy to be sure...

CLICK. Masao turns the t.v. OFF. Jonas puts his hand on Masao's shoulder but Masao quickly moves away.

Mac flicks a burning cigarette at the t.v. screen.

MAC
Rat-fuckers.

TERRY
(stunned)
The administration buildings aren't even completed yet. Half of the canal walls haven't been reinforced.

JONAS
Those idiots. Those Goddamn idiots.

Terry looks at Jonas and sees it in his eyes.

TERRY
They're trying to capture her.

THRUM!! The Kiku suddenly GROANS as the vessel starts to turn, changing direction.

JONAS
What's going on?

INT. KIKU - CAPTAIN'S DECK - NIGHT

JONAS throws open the door of the glass-enclosed cubicle.

JONAS
Why are we turning around?

BARRE
There is a storm coming, Taylor. The Navy has a submarine in the water looking for your Megalodon. My concern is for this ship and its crew.

JONAS
You know that sub hasn't the slightest idea what they're dealing with.

CONTINUED:

BARRE
Neither do we. The signal has been down for 24 hours.

JONAS
Well, drop anchor at least, we're losing ground!

BARRE
I'm not arguing with the Navy. Take it up with McGovern.

EXT. NAUTILUS - BRIDGE - DAY

CAPTAIN DANIELSON, a steely-eyed, square-jawed, ass-kicker breathes in a deep breath of sea-air.

DANIELSON
Take her down.

Danielson's XO, BARTON, salutes.

BARTON
Take her down, aye, sir.

The orders are repeated and obeyed. A DIVE ALARM blasts out as Lookouts scramble down the ladder-hatch.

PULL BACK WIDE: As hatch seals and the NAUTILUS SUBMERGES. Water rising rapidly over her bow, her massive, steel structure sinks slowly into the sun-blazing Pacific....

EXT. KIKU - DAY

The vessel slowly rumbles towards home. Far in the distant sky, thick, smoke-black CLOUDS are gathering...

INT. KIKU - SUB-DECK - DAY

JONAS flips a quarter, catches it, checks it, flips it again. He sits beside the Sonar-Tracking Console, frustrated and angry. Then, TERRY enters the empty sub-deck.

Jonas catches the quarter as she walks towards him. There is an unsettling intensity to the look in her eyes and it is not lost on Jonas. He takes a deep breath as she stops and stands before him. She reaches out and takes his hand.

JONAS
Terry...

BLIP.

CONTINUED:

Jonas hesitates. Together, they turn to the Sonar Screen and the BLUE DOT highlighted there. She's baaaack.

Jonas turns to Terry, almost apologetic.

JONAS(CONT)
I better call McGovern. Go get your Father.

INT. NAUTILUS - COMMUNICATIONS

A young Officer, STRAZELLA sits before a high-tech console and speaks into a PHONE...

STRAZELLA
CONN/RADIO: Commander McGovern is transmitting a revised signal on the target. Twelve nautical miles, South-SouthEast.

INT. NAUTILUS - CONN

CAPTAIN DANIELSON nods his head, appreciatively.

DANIELSON
Let's make this short and clean.
(into phone)
SONAR/CONN: Plot an intercept course. Get me a bead on the ships in the area.

INT. KIKU - CAPTAIN'S DECK - DAY

JONAS is fully in Barre's face.

JONAS
I'm not asking you, I'm telling you! We can be there in two hours!

BARRE
There's a storm coming, Taylor!

MASAO whips open the door.

BARRE(CONT)
(to Masao)
Now, don't you start on me, too!

MASAO
We're going after her.

CONTINUED:

BARRE
(throws up his hands)
Both of you need psychiatrists!
(to First Mate)
Pierre! Turn us around!

INT. NAUTILUS - COMMUNICATIONS

STRAZELLA grabs the phone.

STRAZELLA
CONN/RADIO: We have a narrow tonal band on a surface vessel bearing South/ SouthEast, Sir.

INT. NAUTILUS - CONN

Captain Danielson's eyes narrow.

DANIELSON
(into phone)
RADIO/CONN: Do we have an I.D. on that ship?

STRAZELLA(VO)
You're not gonna like this, Sir...

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

THUNDER RUMBLES, the dark skies SPLIT as a lightning fork FLASHES on massive waves...

...And the 220-foot RENAISSANCE LUXURY CRUISE-LINER tosses, toy-boat style in a sea that grows more hostile by the minute.

INT. RENAISSANCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The boat ROCKS continually from side to side. Kitchen equipment, rattles and slides over metal tables. Five long tables are filled with various STEAKS, FISH, ROASTS, TURKEYS.

A frying pan CRACKS against the wall. A red-faced CHEF GUSTAVSON breathes fire on his kitchen CREW.

CHEF GUSTAVSON
How long were the freezers down?!

BRAVE SOUL
About fifteen hours.

CONTINUED:

GUSTAVSON
Is that all? Fifteen hours?
(panicking)
We have no food! We have no food to serve! Fifteen hours?! What will I serve?! Can you tell me that?!

BRAVE SOUL
Cheese platters?

GUSTAVSON
Cheese for five days? The entire ship will be constipated.

EXT. RENAISSANCE - LOWER DECK - NIGHT

THREE MEMBERS of the Kitchen Staff, dressed in yellow-slickers, DUMP a week's worth of rotten meats into the frothing swells. They clutch desperately to railings as the ship DIPS...

EXT. KIKU - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

THUNDER-STRIKE! The Kiku CHARGES against the waves which BREAK over the bow, FLOOD the Main Deck and then drain away.

JONAS holds fast to the railing with one hand and carries the Night-Vision Binoculars with the other.

TERRY approaches with a LIFE-JACKET.

TERRY
(yelling over storm)
Put it on!

JONAS
Where are we?

TERRY
According to Frank we're still ten miles out!

INT. RENAISSANCE - DINING HALL - NIGHT

The room is only half-full with diners dressed in their Sunday best. The rest have opted to be sick in their rooms. The hall is garishly decorated. Porthole WINDOWS line the walls, port and starboard.

It's a struggle to eat. The diners are forced to hold onto their plates as the ship TILTS to the left, the windows fill with water, then TILTS to the right, the left windows fill with sky, the right with water.

CONTINUED:

The entire hall is musical with the sounds of CLINKING glass. Everyone prepares for another DIP to the left. They hang on. The windows FILL WITH WATER....

AND HOLD THERE...

Plates suddenly CRASH. Diners SLIDE over their tables, TUMBLING onto the floor. The engines GROAN, the entire ship CREAKS with strain as the Dining Hall is virtually UPENDED...

EXT. RENAISSANCE - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

An alarm bell RINGS furiously. Ten life-vested CREW MEMBERS stumble onto the TILTING DECK.

Immediately, three of them lose their footing and ROCKET over-board. Two of them SNAG the railing at the last second.

The other PLUMMETS into the growling sea.

As one of the Crew SCRAMBLES to climb up, the other makes the mistake of LOOKING DOWN....The waters CLEAR AWAY from an enormous, triangular WHITE HEAD, holding fast to a LIFE-BOAT.

INT. NAUTILUS - COMMUNICATIONS

STRAZELLA grabs the phone.

STRAZELLA
CONN/RADIO: Receiving a distress call from the luxury liner, Renaissance. People are in the water!

DANIELSON(VO)
How close are we?

STRAZELLA
Closing, Sir, three hundred yards!

INT. NAUTILUS - CONN

DANIELSON is focused like a bird of prey.

DANIELSON
(into phone)
Where is the nearest Coast Guard Vessel?

STRAZELLA(VO)
Nearest Coast Guard Cutter forty miles, Sir!

INT. NAUTILUS - SONAR

PETERSON, sonar technician, WHIPS the phone to his mouth.

PETERSON
CONN/SONAR: There is something holding onto that ship!

INT. NAUTILUS - CONN

DANIELSON is steady.

DANIELSON
That's our girl.

INT. NAUTILUS - COMMUNICATIONS

Strazella BOLTS up in his seat.

STRAZELLA
CONN/RADIO: Surface vessel approaching on intercept. She's coming up between us and the Renaissance.

INT. NAUTILUS - CONN

DANIELSON is pissed.

DANIELSON
(into phone)
Sailor, you identify that vessel!

STRAZELLA(VO)
We're trying to, Sir. Vessel non-responsive!

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

A CRACK OF THUNDER threatens to crumble the heavens as....

THE TSUNAMI cleaves over the forty foot swells, BLASTING towards the Renaissance.

EXT. TSUNAMI - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

A WAVE breaks over the life-vested crew, SATURATING the deck. SAILORS scramble to the weapons. The Bow DIPS and then RISES over a swell, DIPS again and RISES, revealing...

MAYHEM...

The Renaissance is GOING DOWN. The lower decks are illuminated with FLAMES. There is a GAPING HOLE in the starboard hull, filling with water.

CONTINUED:

The MEG'S FIN submerges under the cruise-liner. SCREAMING PEOPLE are in the water.

The Meg SURFACES and SUBMERGES, taking THREE PEOPLE with it.

BLAM! A HARPOON fires from the Tsunami, missing its target.

INT. NAUTILUS - CONN

DANIELSON cannot believe what he's heard.

DANIELSON
(into phone)
I beg your pardon?

PETERSON(VO)
I repeat, they are firing on the creature, Sir!

DANIELSON
(into phone)
Are their boats in the water?

PETERSON(VO)
Negative, Sir.

DANIELSON
I.D. that ship!

XO BARTON steps over to the Conn.

BARTON
We should make some noise, Sir. Pull that thing towards us.

DANIELSON
(into phone)
SONAR/CONN: Keep a steady bead on that fish!
(switches frequencies)
RADIO/CONN: Make some noise. Do whatever you have to do. I want it loud.

STRAZELLA(VO)
Aye, Sir.

DANIELSON
(into phone)
And Strazella, you tell that non-responsive, son-of-a-bitch ship, they better quit firing and get some boats in the water or they will be targeted!

CONTINUED:

STRAZELLA(VO)
Aye, Sir!

INT. RENAISSANCE - SECOND CLASS QUARTERS

A WALL OF WATER picks up and CARRIES everything in its wake. Doors are torn off their hinges, furniture and luggage, rocketed down the passageway...

TWO CREW-MEMBERS race just ahead of the wave. They SLAM against a locked STAIRWELL DOOR. Helplessly, they heave into the resistant metal as...

They are brutally CRUSHED in the onslaught.

INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Like a child with a pinata, the Meg has learned the more you shake the ship, the more meat falls out.

SHE RISES LIKE A MISSILE.

SLAM!! Her jaws GNAW into the bottom of the luxury liner. The metal hull SCREECHES from her digging fangs.

All the sounds, the THUNDER of the storm, the SCREAMS of the drowning passengers, all of it is softly muffled under here, in this quiet place where death lives.

PING...PING...PING...PING...

The horrible SQUEALING stabs the Meg in the brain.

WIDE ON THE MEGALODON: As LIGHTNING FLARES above the waves, illuminating her monstrousness below them. She SWERVES away from the sinking Renaissance, WHIPS her thirty-foot tailfin and SLICES towards the sound...

INT. NAUTILUS - CONN

DANIELSON listens to the report.

PETERSON(VO)
Whoa! CONN/SONAR: That got her attention, big time, Sir. Two hundred yards and closing!

DANIELSON
WEAPONS/CONN: Talk to me.

MUNSBERGER(VO)
We got a solution but we'd be taking out that ship, too. We got all those people in the water.

CONTINUED:

DANIELSON
Navigation, change course to zero-two-five, twenty degrees down angle on the planes, take us to twelve-hundred feet, make your speed fifteen knots. Give us some goddamn room.

INT. NAUTILUS - SONAR

PETERSON screams into his headset.

PETERSON
One hundred yards. She's picking up speed!

INT. NAUTILUS - CONN

DANIELSON is now very worried.

DANIELSON
Take evasive action!

PETERSON(VO)
Brace for impact!

INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

LIGHTNING FLARES, a RUMBLE of thunder mixes with a pit fiend's GROWL as the Meg SLAMS INTO the Nautilus like a living torpedo, fangs RAKE against her metal belly.

INT. NAUTILUS - CONN

The entire Control Center JOLTS like a gunshot. DANIELSON is knocked over the railing THUDDING onto his back. Electricity SPARKS, the submarine GROANS, the power abruptly DIES.

The Conn is bathed in warm, red emergency lights. Immediately, Danielson is on his feet.

DANIELSON
All stations report! Chief Engineer?!

ENGINEER(VO)
Engine room flooding in three compartments. Reactor is off-line!

DANIELSON
Radiation?

ENGINEER(VO)
No leaks found, Sir.

CONTINUED:

DANIELSON
Where is she?! Sonar!

A plaintive, GRINDING of metal breaks the silence. Everyone GRABS a hand-hold as the sub WRENCHES...

DANIELSON(CONT)
SONAR/CONN: Report!

PETERSON(VO)
She's trying to bite through us, Sir!

It takes Danielson a moment to register this. It's enough time for him to become pale as a sheet.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

A WAVE EXPLODES as the KIKU blasts her way into this nightmare. Her SPOTLIGHTS swivel and flash over the chaos.

One hundred yards away floats the TSUNAMI, boats still attached to her port and starboard sides.

THE RENAISSANCE is tilted at a 60' angle. FIRES burn out of control on her decks. The spotlights streak over the terrified passengers. A few float haphazardly in LIFE RAFTS, the majority are at the mercy of the elements.

ON JONAS: As he braces himself against the Harpoon Rifle and the railing, a life-jacket in hand. He SCANS the area with the Night-Vision goggles...

JONAS'S NIGHT-VISION P.O.V.: We see the heated bodies in the water glowing like spectres.

PAN ACROSS to the Tsunami and the BOATS still clinging to her sides. We see Sailors manned at all the Harpoon Rifles.

JONAS(OS)
Bastards.

ON JONAS: As he looks up to the Captain's Deck.

JONAS(CONT)
In the water! Leon, look in the water!

INT. KIKU - CAPTAIN'S DECK - NIGHT

THUNDER CRACKS! Barre and Masao have indeed seen the passengers.

CONTINUED:

MASAO
Oh my God.

BARRE
(into radio microphone)
Drop the boats! Immediately!

EXT. KIKU - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

WAVES SMASH the deck, tossing some Crew Members TEN FEET, PUMMELING others into equipment racks.

JONAS and TERRY untie one of the lifeboats and it SAILS FREE of the Kiku PLUNGING into the water, some fifty feet from a patch of survivors.

The Kiku TILTS. Another WAVE pummels the deck, SWEEPING Terry and Jonas OVER the railing...

SLAP! Terry grabs one of the metal bars. She SCREAMS. Rain pelts her face as she turns and looks DOWN at...

JONAS holding tightly to her other arm. He reaches for a rope some five feet away but cannot quite make it.

TERRY
(to anyone)
Help us!! I can't hold on!!

JONAS looks down at the brutalizing surf as TERRY'S HAND begins to SLIP...

ON MASAO: As he slides down the ladder to the Captain's Tower. He struggles to maintain his balance as he heads towards Terry and Jonas.

MASAO
Terry! Hang on!

MAC races around from the other side wrapped in a slicker. He sees MASAO staggering towards where Terry and Jonas fell.

As another WAVE clears the deck and THUNDERS DOWN, hurling Masao off his feet and SLAMMING him into the railing...

ON TERRY: She gasps as Masao's head CRACKS off the metal. His hands desperately reach for hers, his only thought to rescue Terry. Two heavy BARRELS of equipment ROLL and THUD into Masao's body. The old man GRUNTS with pain.

The impact PUSHES Terry away from the ship, she hangs on as Jonas LUNGES for the rope and MISSES...

CONTINUED:

TERRY
No!!

JONAS FALLS! His arms wave as he is SWALLOWED by the lurching surf, vanishing completely.

ON TERRY: Her fingers SLIDE and RELEASE!

But Mac's hand LOCKS onto hers. Standing over Masao's still body, Mac HEAVES dragging Terry back onto the deck.

The Kiku's bow DROPS thirty feet. Another huge swell is approaching.

MAC
(to Captain's Deck)
Man overboard!

INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

LIGHTNING FLASHES!! As the battered Nautilus hunts the hunter. As lightning FLASHES again, we see the MEGALODON circling in the distance.

INT. NAUTILUS - CONN

DANIELSON has managed to regain some composure. A NAVIGATOR calls from the back.

NAVIGATOR
She let us go, Sir. Seems to be headed to the surface.

ENGINEER(VO)
Engines back on line, Captain.

DANIELSON
She's going back to the food. Helm, bring us around, make your course zero-five-zero. Get me a firing solution on that thing.
(into phone)
RADIO/CONN: Start making that noise again. When she descends I want us ready to blow-her-up.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

With a ROAR Jonas's head breaks the ocean surface. He sucks air into his lungs, strives to get his bearing.

He fights his way towards one of the Kiku's LIFE-BOATS. An oncoming swell LIFTS and DROPS him some fifty feet.

CONTINUED:

Jonas emerges again, closer to the sinking Renaissance. The lights of the Kiku and the Tsunami skirt the perimeter, flashing over pockets of survivors.

Jonas WRAPS his arms around an OLDER MAN and a WOMAN, who appears to be unconscious. He wrestles to keep them afloat.

BLAM!! The sound WHIPS Jonas's head around. A HARPOON from the Tsunami blasts into the water, unbelievably close to the passengers.

JONAS
What are you doing?! Stop!!

Jonas's words are swallowed by the storm. What follows is realization, the realization that the Tsunami was shooting at a TARGET...

THE MEGALODON ERUPTS from out of a FORTY-FOOT WAVE. She SINKS under, pulling twenty PASSENGERS into the whirlpool of her wake. She RISES again.

Her protruding pink gums and fangs SCOOP three people into the black hole of her gargantuan jaws.

ON JONAS: He knows she's coming for him next. Her white hump LIFTS only fifty yards away. The TEN PASSENGERS treading water by the Kiku's lifeboat are completely hysterical.

A fresh wave PUSHES them all CLOSER to the Meg.

Magnanimously, the Tsunami DROPS two BOATS into the water. It's too little, too late.

INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

ABOVE, on the surface, we see the LIGHTS of the storm and the ships, flashing over the water.

We see the bottom portion of the Renaissance slowly SINKING, debris streaming out of the torn holes in her steel hull.

We see the BODIES of the passengers floating.

Then THE MEG soars by our view. Her full one-hundred feet STAB towards the passengers. A low GROWL escapes her throat.

PING...PING...PING...

The Meg TWISTS angrily at the noise, a perceived threat on her territory. Her mammoth tail SLAPS the surface as she PROPELS herself DOWNWARD.

INT. NAUTILUS - CONN

DANIELSON'S knuckles go white on the railing as he waits.

NAVIGATOR
Four thousand feet and closing.

DANIELSON
Firing solution?

XO BARTON
Ready, Sir.

DANIELSON
On my order.

NAVIGATOR
Two thousand feet.

DANIELSON
Not yet.

NAVIGATOR
One thousand feet.

DANIELSON
And...

NAVIGATOR
I've lost the signal, Sir.

DANIELSON
(pause)
Well, find it.

The atmosphere in the Conn is tense, to say the least.

NAVIGATOR
I think she went deep, Sir.

DANIELSON
Jesus.
(into phone)
SONAR/CONN: What's going on?!

PETERSON(VO)
We can't hear her, Sir.

DANIELSON
This isn't an Akula sub, this is a shark for Christ's sakes!

CONTINUED:

PETERSON(VO)
Wait a minute!
(pause)
CONN/SONAR: She's right under us!

DANIELSON
Full speed ahead!

INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The Meg LAUNCHES into the tail-end of the Nautilus, full strength. There is an agonized CREAK as the stressed hull punctures. The steel plates WRENCH APART.

INT. NAUTILUS - ENGINE ROOM

The walls, literally, RIP OPEN, venting the entire engine room to the cold ocean. WATER thunders inside.

INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The Meg TWISTS her head from side-to-side, RENDING the Nautilus's keel into a twisted, bubbling, pretzel. As she GRIPS it in her jaws, mini-explosions SNAP and SPARK as the electrical systems are destroyed.

INT. NAUTILUS - CONN

A BODY flies past Danielson as he hangs on to a computer console. SMOKE fills the air, the shadows of falling bodies.

The entire Control Center is TILTING at forty-five degrees.

DANIELSON
Engine Room! Engine Room, respond!

CHIEF ENGINEER(VO)
Core breach!
(static)
...shut it down!

DANIELSON
Helm, high-pressure air into the ballast tanks, put us on the ceiling. Now!

INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The Nautilus, belching smoke and trailing debris, LIFTS to the surface. The Meg SWINGS around, angrily and GOUGES the center of the vessel.

INT. NAUTILUS - SERIES OF SHOTS

- In a corridor, seawater sprays over UNCONSCIOUS SAILORS.

- WEAPONS ROOM: an EXPLOSION...

- ENGINE ROOM five Crew Members struggle to keep their heads above the water that has flooded the entire compartment.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

All of the Kiku's FIVE BOATS are in the water. Most of them are filled, thanks largely in part to JONAS.

Exhausted, Jonas swims to an WOMAN floating face-down in the waters. His arms are ready to give out.

LOOMING over Jonas, on both sides, the Kiku and the Tsunami square-off like giant gunslingers. Then...

THE NAUTILUS SUBMARINE erupts onto the surface like a missile. Waves EXPLODE all around it. YELLOW LIFE-RAFTS expand on its port and starboard sides as it begins to sink back into the water like a dying animal.

JONAS shields himself and the woman from the chaos. He chances a look over as....

A TRIPLE EXPLOSION obliterates the Nautilus sending bits and pieces of the older vessel scattering for hundreds and hundreds of yards.

EXT. KIKU - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

TERRY and MAC along with the other members of the crew RELEASE the LADDERS which shuttle down the sides of the ship.

The wind HOWLS fiercely. In the distance we see the skeletal shell of the Nautilus sink back into the ocean.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

His energy completely spent, JONAS is pulled onto one of the life rafts. They THUD up against the side of the KIKU and two of the passengers struggle to reach the ladder.

INT. KIKU - CAPTAIN'S DECK - NIGHT

BARRE, angrily, grabs the radio BULLHORN.

BARRE
In God's name, drop your ladders!

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

The Tsunami does not drop its ladders despite Barre's pleas.

BARRE (VO)
What is the matter with you?! Drop your ladders!!

Nearly all of the survivors are now in LIFE-BOATS. There are seven in all. The Kiku, it seems, has been handed the job of rescuing every one of them.

In fact, there is a traffic jam along the Kiku's starboard side as the boats fight for the ladders.

JONAS helps the older survivors on to the ladder. He tries to move them fast. A LINE of people are now clinging to the sides of the Kiku as they climb.

That's when he hears the SCREAMS...

The third boat in line is IN THE MEG'S MOUTH.

CRUNCH!! Timbers SNAP as the Meg chomps down on the boat, destroying it completely, swallowing five survivors.

Everyone on the boats go berserk. They DIVE into the water, LUNGING for the ship, a virtual stampede.

BLAM!! A Harpoon SOARS from the Tsunami, BLASTING into the water only a few feet from the Meg.

It gets her attention, though. Her body TURNS, upending all the boats with her swell. Jonas climbs up the ladder, his arm extended, virtually LIFTING another passenger with him.

EXT. TSUNAMI - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Like a well-oiled machine, CREW MEMBERS race to load and operate the guns. The ship turns to face the oncoming threat.

THOOM!! Everyone fights to keep their balance.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

The Meg RAMS her snout into the Tsunami, her wide, white head breaking the surface of the waves. Her jaws are CLENCHED over the corpse of the baby whale.

EXT. KIKU - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

TERRY rushes to Jonas's side.

CONTINUED:

TERRY
Are you hurt?!

Jonas's eyes are wild, like a madman. He stares at the Tsunami, moves to the railing.

From where they stand, they can look over the side of the ship at the entire, albino white BODY of the MEG, challenging the Tsunami.

Her TAILFIN breaks the surface and SLAMS down with concussive force, splintering one LIFE-BOAT and knocking several other survivors in the water unconscious.

BLAM!! A Harpoon SOARS from the deck of the Tsunami PLUNGING into the pectoral fin of the Meg. Blood spurts.

The infuriated Meg TORQUES her body, again, PUMMELING the survivors clinging to the Kiku's ladders.

JONAS
God Damn them! They don't care!

TERRY
We can't do anything!

Jonas shakes Terry off. Fighting against the wind and rain, he moves across the deck to the HARPOON RIFLE.

He FLIPS off the safety.

TERRY(CONT)
Jonas, what are you doing?!

Jonas SWIVELS the rifle in the direction of the Tsunami.

JONAS
Sons of bitches.

BLAM!! A HARPOON bursts out and streaks across the ocean.

EXT. TSUNAMI - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

FIVE CREW-MEMBERS SCATTER as the Kiku's harpoon EXPLODES onto the ship, ripping through equipment and plunging into the floor with a splintering impact.

EXT. KIKU - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

JONAS starts to load another harpoon as the Tsunami begins to PULL AWAY. Jonas leans over the railing and sees that the Meg has disappeared. This seems to make Jonas even angrier.

CONTINUED:

He FLIPS off the safety as TERRY grabs his arms.

TERRY
Jonas, enough! They're leaving!

Jonas struggles for a minute, then he relents. Instead, his eyes go to MASAO, slumped against the winch.

JONAS
Oh no.

Jonas goes to his friend's side. Masao is out cold, his hair and the right side of his face are caked in blood.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DUSK - THE NEXT DAY

As the sun melts into the sea, three EMERGENCY COAST GUARD BOATS scour the area, collecting debris form the Nautilus and the Renaissance.

Two 110-foot Navy PATROL BOATS pull away from the KIKU, each of their decks bulging with SURVIVORS wrapped in blankets. Another PATROL BOAT waits alongside the Kiku. The mop-up has taken the entire day.

EXT. KIKU - MAIN DECK - TWILIGHT

JONAS waits by the railing as MASAO, laid out on a stretcher, is prepped for transfer onto the patrol.

TERRY hovers over Masao. Her Father's eyes flutter open. There are tears in his eyes.

MASAO
Terry, I'm sorry.

TERRY
There's nothing to be sorry for.

MASAO
I'm so proud of you.

TERRY
It's the medication, Dad. Let them take care of you. Don't be a pain in the ass..

Although she is joking, Terry means it when she hugs her Father good-bye. Masao reaches out his hand and Jonas takes it and shakes it, warmly.

BARRE(OS)
Jonas!

CONTINUED:

Jonas and Terry look up at BARRE in the Captain's Tower. He has a cellular phone to his ear.

BARRE(CONT)
They caught it! They caught the Megalodon!!

7 No sleepless

INT. KIKU - SUB-DECK - NIGHT

THE CREW: Jonas, Terry, Mac, Barre, Heller and a few of Barre's sailors are packed around the television watching CNN. A report is in progress...

ON SCREEN: An unbelievable sight. From the vantage point of a HELICOPTER we see the Megalodon, netted alongside the TSUNAMI whaler. Aerial SPOTLIGHTS flash over the sleeping Meg...

REPORTER(VO)
...These pictures, I can tell you from our vantage point are astonishing. In the last few minutes it has been confirmed, the monster we are looking at is a 110-foot, prehistoric Megalodon. We've been on the phone with JAMSTEC officials and we believe that's one of their boats down there. At its present speed, this ship and its sleeping cargo will reach Monterey and the JAMSTEC Lagoon by mid-morning tomorrow and CNN will definitely be there. Now again, just to...

HELLER flicks the television OFF.

HELLER
Thank God it's over.

INT. KIKU - JONAS'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

The door OPENS. Jonas lifts his head off his pillow to see Terry, a glint of moonlight catching her eyes through the window. Silently, she closes the door and climbs up onto the bed. She is dressed in large flannel pajamas.

She snuggles next to Jonas but his eyes stay focused on the ceiling. He cannot sleep.

INT. KIKU - JONAS'S QUARTER - DAY

BAM! BAM! BAM! The door rattles off its hinges. Jonas is in the same position staring straight ahead at the same spot.

Terry sleeps peacefully by his side.

CONTINUED:

JONAS
What is it?

PIERRE(OS)
Telephone for you, Sir.

INT. KIKU - CAPTAIN'S DECK - DAY

JONAS, dressed only in jeans, squints at the sunlight as he joins BARRE in the Captain's cockpit.

Barre hands Jonas the telephone as he exits the cabin.

JONAS(CONT)
(into phone)
This is Jonas.

INT. TSUNAMI - PERSONNEL QUARTERS

DAVE LINUS smiles, a phone to his ear.

LINUS
What a wild ride it's been.

JONAS(VO)
Who is this?

LINUS
Dave Linus. I take it you've heard the good news.

ON JONAS: His face is grim.

JONAS
I've heard.

LINUS(VO)
What a discovery for science. It's really breathtaking just looking at her.

JONAS
How'd you manage it?

LINUS(VO)
The tranquilizers? Just a little Ketamine, Pentobarbital mixture. Enough to snooze a blue whale for two days. We put her under yesterday, she'll be sleeping another twelve hours. By the time she wakes up, she'll be swimming in her new home.

CONTINUED:

JONAS
I guess one-hundred and fifty lives was a small price to pay for capturing the Meg.

LINUS(VO)
We were trying to neutralize the threat. "We" weren't firing harpoons at anybody. You're lucky no one was hurt.

JONAS
You could've neutralized the threat by dropping your Goddamn ladders!

ON LINUS: Shakes his head.

LINUS
It's unfortunate, really, that you have to be this combative. You know, it reeks of sour grapes and frankly, you could've been a real asset to our team.

JONAS(VO)
Well, gee, Dave I'm flattered.

LINUS
Seriously, I was calling to offer you a job but...

ON JONAS: It's come to this.

JONAS
Fuck your job and fuck you.

ON LINUS: About to stick the dagger in.

LINUS
Well, there's nothing left to say but, thank-you.

JONAS(VO)
For what?

LINUS
Without you folks sharing your Meg signal we never would have found her. Actually, I guess it was Frank Heller who really did the actual sharing. Say hi to Terry for me...

ON JONAS: As the line goes dead, so do his eyes.

INT. KIKU - CORRIDOR - DAY

FRANK HELLER shuffles down the hallway towards the Main Deck. His shirt is untucked, he's barefoot, he carries a cup of steaming coffee. There are FOOTSTEPS coming down the stairs.

Heller looks UP. JONAS is walking towards him. Fast.

HELLER
Is there a prob...

Jonas SNATCHES Heller by the collar and...

INT. KIKU - SUB-DECK - DAY

CRACK!! Wood SPLINTERS as Heller crashes through the door. Terry, Mac, Barre and Pierre LEAP from their seats.

Heller SCRAMBLES to his feet. Jonas steps into the room and BACKHANDS Heller, SNAPPING his head back, TOPPLING him over a table, plates SMASH.

BARRE
Hey! Hey! Enough!

Heller cowers in a corner, blood streaming from his nose. Jonas looms over him, eyes blazing.

JONAS
How dare you.

Barre GRABS Jonas from behind.

BARRE
Cool down, Taylor.

Jonas SHAKES him off. He LUNGES for Heller, LIFTS him off the ground and THUDS him against the wall, holding him there.

JONAS
How many people died, Frank?! How many?! Did you count?! Did you see them in the water?!

HELLER
I'm not responsible...

JONAS
Yes you are!

TERRY
What's going on?!

CONTINUED:

Jonas SHOVES Heller into the center of the room.

JONAS
Go on, Frank. Tell her.

Heller stands awkwardly under Terry's piercing stare.

JONAS(CONT)
He gave JAMSTEC the Meg signal. Our signal. He gave them the coordinates.

TERRY
I don't believe that. Frank, you didn't do that.

HELLER
(pointing at Jonas)
I have no loyalty to him! I never agreed to this, never approved of it!

JONAS
Did they offer you a job, Frank? Is it that simple?

HELLER
Ten years of my life are in that lagoon! It was Masao's dream but I turned it into a reality and I wasn't about to throw it all away out of some false sense of loyalty!

TERRY
False loyalty?

JONAS
It's a shame you're gonna miss the celebration, Frank. They're gonna be headed into Monterey in about two...
(pause)
...in about two hours.

All the color suddenly drains from Jonas's cheeks.

TERRY
Jonas?

BARRE
What's the matter with you?

JONAS
Oh my God.

CONTINUED: (2)

Jonas TEARS out of sub-deck, Barre and Terry in pursuit.

INT. KIKU - CAPTAIN'S DECK - DAY

Jonas WHIPS open the door and goes to the radio. He slaps on the headset. TERRY rushes in after him.

TERRY
Jonas?!

JONAS
(into headset)
Soldier, I need you to connect me to the U.S.S. Grasp, I need to speak with Commander McGovern.

VOICE(VO)
Commander McGovern is in the air en route to California.

JONAS
This is an emergency!

VOICE(VO)
It will take a few minutes, Sir. Please hold.

JONAS
(throws headset)
Shit!

Jonas SPINS to Barre who's entering the cabin.

JONAS(CONT)
How long will it take us to get to Monterey?

BARRE
Half a day at least.

TERRY
(to Jonas)
What's going on?!

JONAS
The Meg's metabolism is different. When she rose to the surface her blood became oxygenated. All that oxygen speeds her up like a drug. As a result she's constantly hunting, constantly feeding. Her blood burns through the nutrients and she's going to burn through those tranquilizers the same way! They think she's going to wake up in twelve hours!

CONTINUED:

TERRY
(realizes)
She could wake up any second.

Jonas looks out the window, desperate for an answer. He spies MAC'S CHOPPER. He turns back to Terry, an IDEA...

JONAS
Is Mac still sleeping?

INT. MAC'S QUARTERS - DAY

CRACK! The door flies open. Mac BOLTS UP like he's been shot. Jonas stands in the doorway. He looks apologetic.

MAC
(resigned)
Here we go again.

EXT. TSUNAMI - DAY

There is a virtual ROAR surrounding the ship as it cruises towards Monterey only five miles from the hazy shoreline.

ABOVE, five NEWS CHOPPERS circle like mosquitoes, buzzing excitedly at various altitudes.

On either side of the vessel are Coast Guard GUNBOATS. Their on-board machine guns are trained on the Meg as the CREWMEMBERS gaze in awe at her.

Orange buoys mark the perimeter of the net. Seventy feet below the surface the Meg sleeps, unaware of the excitement she is generating.

EXT. MONTEREY CANAL - DAY

WIDE ON: The gathering CROWD. Apparently, word has gotten out. The shoreline and surrounding streets beyond are gradually becoming impassable for the SPECTATORS.

Over FORTY NEWS VANS are parked haphazardly around the Tenaka Institute and Monterey Harbor.

But none of this is anything compared to what's happening in the WATER. Some of these ships have been anchored and waiting all night. Some are scientists, most are tourists or thrill-seekers. Their transports vary in size: wave-runners, yachts, small outboards, large fishing trawlers.

EXT. OVER THE PACIFIC - DAY

MAC'S CHOPPER streaks through the air, passing over sparkling blue waters and beneath massive white clouds.

INT. MAC'S CHOPPER - DAY

MAC rubs the sleep out of his eyes, cursing under his breath. JONAS sits next to him wearing a headset.

JONAS
(yelling over rotors, into headset)
McGovern! I'm holding for Commander McGovern! This is an emergency!

OPERATOR(VO)
We're trying to patch you through.

Mac motions to the back of the plane.

MAC
(yelling over rotors)
Why them?

Jonas turns to look. Seated in the belly of the chopper are TERRY and HELLER. Terry sits and stares at Heller, a look on her face colder than any stone. Heller shifts uncomfortably.

JONAS
(turns back to Mac)
I might need their help!

MAC
(yelling)
What's your plan?!

JONAS
I don't know but I'm open to suggestions!

MAC
That's what I like about you, Jonas! You're one of those shoot first ask questions later kind of guys!

INT. TSUNAMI - COCKPIT - DAY

CAPTAIN OTOMO pushes a button unleashing a BLARING HORN.

EXT. TSUNAMI - DAY

We can see why. The whaler is now only 1/2 mile from shore. Some one hundred yards away is the first WALL OF BOATS. The horn ERUPTS once more filling the air with horrible noise.

INT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The horn is just as PIERCING beneath the waves. As we pass along the still, gargantuan, sleeping form of the Meg we STOP at her basketball-sized EYEBALL.

It FLICKERS.

INT. NAVY CHOPPER - DAY

COMMANDER MCGOVERN sits in the passenger seat of the cockpit as their chopper buzzes over the scene. He yells into his headset.

MCGOVERN
Taylor?! What do you want?!

JONAS(VO)
Turn them around! Make them turn around, Commander! That Megalodon's going to wake up any second!

MCGOVERN
It's gonna what?!

EXT. TSUNAMI - DAY

THE HORN bellows once more. The first line of ships have revved their engines and approach within FIFTY YARDS.

One of the Gun Boats issues a warning.

VOICE(VO)
This is the Coast Guard! Turn back! Turn back or you will be arrested!

INT. MAC'S CHOPPER - DAY

Jonas rips off the headset.

JONAS
Take us to the Institute, Mac!

MAC
You got a plan yet?!

JONAS
Will you shut-up and fly?!

EXT. TSUNAMI - DAY

Like a virus the spectators are CLOSING IN. Inadvertently, some of the smaller boats PASS between the gunboats and the Tsunami. The horn BLASTS.

CONTINUED:

The boats are CIRCLING. The Tsunami is forced to come to a FULL STOP; it's paralyzed.

INT. NAVY CHOPPER - DAY

MCGOVERN'S neck cranes to get a view of the Tsunami below. He bellows into his headset.

MCGOVERN
Does anybody speak English there?! I am a Naval Officer and I am ordering you to turn the ship around! Turn that ship around or you'll be put under arrest!

INT. TENAKA INSTITUTE - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

There is an understandable bustle of activity. TERRY, HELLER and JONAS approach the massive black marble security desk.

A female SECURITY OFFICER jumps to her feet.

SECURITY OFFICER
Miss Tenaka!

TERRY
Hello Lisa. Get some people down here. Now. We need to carry that...

Terry turns and POINTS to the A.G.II PROTOTYPE...

TERRY(CONT)
To the roof.

The tone of her voice and the look on Terry's face suggests to Lisa that she should do exactly as she's told.

EXT. TSUNAMI - DAY

DAVE LINUS stands by the deck railing vaguely amused by all this attention.

LINUS
(to no one in particular)
Let the people have their fun.

WIDE ON: A chaotic situation rapidly developing out of control. The Tsunami is literally SURROUNDED by curiosity seekers. The Coast Guard presence has done nothing to sway the Camcorder-frenzied-curious.

Cameras CLICK. The horn BLASTS.

CONTINUED:

VOICE(VO)
Please make room! The ship must pass! You are endangering yourselves!

INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The water has amplified the surface sounds into a GRINDING SHRIEK of engines, rotors and horns. Within that noise, there is a GROWL. The Megalodon's body TWISTS convulsively.

EXT. TSUNAMI - DAY

DAVE LINUS quits smiling. He LEANS over the railing. There is a SPECTATOR waving frantically aboard a 20-foot fishing boat. Linus strains to hear what he's screaming over the rotors...

SPECTATOR
It moved! I saw it move!

The Tsunami JOSTLES. Linus fights to keep his balance. FIFTEEN CREW MEMBERS rush to the railing.

BELOW: The boats near the Tsunami are rocking violently from movement underneath. VOICES starts screaming...

THE COAST GUARD sailors man the GUNS. The voice over the megaphone SCREAMS...

COAST GUARD(VO)
Get away from the ship! Back away!

ON THE MEGALODON: As it TORQUES and ROLLS in the netting.

ON TSUNAMI: As it TILTS dramatically, to the starboard side. Five Crew Members are THROWN forward into Linus who SLAMS against the railing and TOPPLES overboard.

ON MEGALODON: The netting RIPS as she violently ROLLS again.

ON TSUNAMI: Three more SAILORS are pitched into the sea.

ON COAST GUARD: The Gun Boat cannot get a bead on the Meg because the WAVES have thrown FIVE BOATS in its way.

There is total GRIDLOCK in the canal as the boats closest to the Tsunami are now LAUNCHING back just as the second line of boats RUSHES forward.

EXT. TENAKA INSTITUTE - ROOF - DAY

CLOSE ON: A steel BOLT-HOOK latching to a metal ring.

CONTINUED:

MAC(OS)
I just don't think this qualifies as sensible behavior.

WIDE ON: Terry, Mac, Heller and Jonas, putting the finishing touches on linking the Abyss Glider to the Chopper. Several TENAKA EMPLOYEES stand around.

TERRY
(to Jonas)
He's right. This is suicide.

MAC
(to Jonas)
Let's send Frank, instead.

JONAS
I need to be under the water to distract her. If she perceives a threat to her food she'll attack.

TERRY
And then what?

JONAS
Lead her to open water, let the Navy and the Gun Boat's do their job.

HELLER
The Meg'll be faster than you.

JONAS
Well, I'm smarter.

SCREAMS down below rivet their attention. The Employees rush to the edge of the roof to see the CROWD RACING for the shore-line. An EMPLOYEE yells back.

EMPLOYEE
It's loose!

Jonas SPINS around to the others.

JONAS
Everybody in the chopper! Now!

EXT. TSUNAMI - DAY

Can you say "MAYHEM" boys and girls?

The Tsunami is literally ON ITS SIDE. The water near it is FROTHING with activity. Four Pleasure boats have CAPSIZED. There are PEOPLE in the water.

CONTINUED:

The Meg is THRASHING. Glimpses of WHITE can be seen as she WRESTLES furiously to free herself. The motion has dragged all the boats in a one-hundred yard radius into a WHIRLPOOL from which they cannot escape.

POLICE BOATS fight to get through. The PRESS HELICOPTERS swerve even lower to get a better look at the action.

ON DAVE LINUS: As he frantically swims for the nearest boat.

LINUS
(drowning)
Help me! My God! Get me out of here!

Beneath him, under the water, EVERYTHING goes WHITE.

LINUS(CONT)
Aaagh!!

ON MEGALODON: As she RIPS free of the netting, jaws HYPEREXTENDED as she ROCKETS for the surface...

ON LINUS: As the water under him suddenly becomes the MEG as she LAUNCHES from beneath, SWALLOWING Linus whole, partially breaching, UPENDING boats for fifty yards in every direction.

INT. MAC'S CHOPPER - DAY

MAC wears a headset, TERRY sits beside him. Through the cockpit windshield we see all the HELICOPTERS flooding the sky. Terry turns to Mac.

TERRY
Can you do this?

MAC
No, I don't think so.

WIDE ON: THE CHOPPER as it STREAKS towards the center of the chaos. Dangling from its belly by a steel CABLE is the ABYSS GLIDER with JONAS inside of it.

ON JONAS: As he FLICKS the machinery to life. He, too, wears a headset that communicates with the chopper.

JONAS
I just need a small opening.

MAC(VO)
That's all your gonna get! It's tighter than an Admiral's butthole in here!

CONTINUED:

JONAS
Get as low as you can. I'll do the rest.

EXT. AMIDST THE CHAOS - DAY

The Meg's TAILFIN SWIPES a Coast Guard Gun-Boat. The fifty-foot vessel literally TAKES AIR before PLUNGING back down into the ocean, all of its SAILORS CATAPULTED into the sea.

EXT. IN THE SKY - DAY

All of the helicopters are dangerously CLOSE. Mac does his best to maneuver beneath them, but these are trained NEWS CHOPPERS and they do not give up their position easily.

INT. CHOPPER - DAY

MAC grits her teeth.

MAC
Jonas, I can't get in!

TERRY is covering her eyes, she can't watch.

JONAS(VO)
I'll do it from here!

MAC
What?!
(looks out window)
Where?!

JONAS(VO)
When I drop, get the hell out!
Understand?

INT. ABYSS GLIDER - DAY

Through the clear, Lexan shield, Jonas has a 360' view of the sky above and the sea below. He is focused on a very narrow space between two, jostling WHALE WATCHING BOATS.

Every wave SLOSHES the boats and their occupants closer together giving Jonas less and less room.

MAC(VO)
Let me swing around!

JONAS
There's no time!

Jonas takes a deep breath. His hand reaches up to a SWITCH on the ceiling of the Glider. He FLICKS IT.

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON: The Bolt-Hook which RELEASES...

WIDE ON: THE ABYSS GLIDER as it SAILS free of the hovering Chopper and PLUNGES in-between the two whaling boats like an impacting missile.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER - DAY

KER-PLUSH!! Jonas is thrown forward as the Lexan shield turns BLUE and the world outside spins wildly.

Immediately, Jonas REVS the engines and THROTTLES the Glider. Jonas leans in on the JOYSTICK...

INT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Jonas arcs a curve far beneath the boat-filled ceiling of the water's surface. The small, winged submersible SWINGS around, bubbles spitting from its tail.

Approximately, seventy yards away Jonas see the MEGALODON, her body twisting in rapture as she FEEDS. Jonas can see her JAWS opening and closing presumably on innocent people as her snout skirts the surface.

As the AG II ROARS towards her, the differences in size are fully astonishing. A swat of the Meg's tail could obliterate Jonas and the sub.

ON JONAS:

JONAS
This might have been a bad idea.

ON AG II: As it rides up under the tail. Outside the Lexan shield the white flesh of the Meg is only ten feet away. Thus far it is oblivious to Jonas's presence.

As the Glider travels up the Meg's 120 feet...

ON JONAS: As he flicks a switch on the console.

ON AG II: As the sub's antennae begins emitting a high-pitched shrieking HOWL....

THE MEGALODON responds instantly, WHIPPING around, jaws SNAPPING at the horrendous noise stabbing her brain.

The sub barely SLIDES to the right as the Meg LUNGES for it. Jonas LOOPS over the Meg and then DOWN, pushing the Glider to maximum speed.

CONTINUED:

ABOVE: We see the Meg FLIP its tail and DESCEND.

ON JONAS: As he WRENCHES back on the joystick.

ON AG II: As it WHEELS BACK the Meg WHIPS past, the Glider SPINS to the right as the Meg attempts to brain it with her massive tail-fin.

But the Meg recovers faster than expected. Her head SWIVELS from side-to-side smelling and detecting the Glider.

ON JONAS: His head cranes to find the Meg as he throttles the sub to the surface making sure he has her on his tail.

Jonas looks UP. The surface is RUSHING up at him.

He JERKS the joystick right.

ON AG II: As it ARCS away, blazing towards the open sea.

ON MEG: Jonas's plan backfires as the Meg BLASTS out of the water...

EXT. SURFACE - DAY

The Meg BREACHES and EXPLODES with such force that a fifteen-foot FISHING BOAT is HURTLED through the air. The passengers are thrown into the sea before the boat COLLIDES with a low-flying chopper. There is a SPARK...

And a mid-air FIREBALL consumes them both.

INT. MAC'S CHOPPER - DAY

MAC instinctively YANKS back on the controls.

TERRY
Mac!!

Through the windshield we see the FIERY CHOPPER careening out of control, rotors still SPINNING, heading right at them.

Terry hand goes to the DOOR. She flashes a look to Mac.

TERRY(CONT)
Do it!

HELLER launches into the cockpit, extends his arms and SHOVES Terry and Mac both out of the chopper.

WIDE ON: Terry and Mac PLUMMETING into the waters eighty-feet below...

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON: Heller's eyes as he SHUTS them tightly...

WIDE ON: The two choppers entangling and EXPLODING into a million pieces of flaming metal. The boats below are showered with the shrapnel and debris.

INT. ABYSS GLIDER - DAY

ON JONAS: As his headset goes BERSERK. Wincing in pain, he rips it off his head. Then he realizes...

JONAS
Terry?!

His eyes search the surface above when a large CHUNK of the chopper PLUNKS into the water some fifty yards away.

JONAS(CONT)
No!!

He watches the piece of the chopper slowly SINK. Jonas throttles the Glider and SPINS it around.

The Meg is two hundred yards away. He watches her struggling to capture half of a Gun Boat in her jaws. The splintered bow litters garbage as the Meg shakes her head.

For the briefest of moments, Jonas looks UP...

TWO BODIES in the water sixty feet above him and fifty feet across the surface, summon his attention.

CLOSER: It's Terry and Mac.

JONAS(OS)
Thank God.

ON JONAS: His eyes go from his friends to the MEG.

She's seen them, too. The Meg LURCHES forwards, her head swinging from side-to-side as she catches their scent. She has approximately two football-fields of space to cover. She can do that in TEN SECONDS.

ONE...

ON JONAS: He has no time to think. He just acts. His fist tightens around the joystick as he RAMS it forwards.

TWO...

ON AG II: As it BUCKS and ROCKETS towards the Meg.

CONTINUED:

THREE...

ON MEG'S PECTORAL FIN as it breaks the surface, cutting a swath through the boats and debris...

FOUR...

ON TERRY as she cradles Mac's unconscious body in her arms. She looks around desperately for a way out..

FIVE...

THE MEG'S JAWS OPEN.

SIX...

ON TERRY she freezes when she sees the waters in front of her turning albino WHITE...

SEVEN...

The Meg GROWLS...

EIGHT...

The AG II STREAKS at the Meg, the Lexan shield FILLING completely with her JAWS...

NINE...

TERRY spins around, closing her eyes as the MEG RISES Out of the water to FEED...

TEN...

ON JONAS as he SCREAMS, kamikaze-style...

WHUUMP! There is a grinding of metal, a SCREECHING of engines, JONAS plunges forward in the Glider as a wet blackness surrounds the shield.

The engines burn like rocket fuel as the Glider is turned, involuntarily on its side, dark, moist OBJECTS thump against the Lexan shield. A force PULLS it forward.

Jonas braces himself with the Glider's walls, disoriented, unsure of what's happened. He can HEAR unbelievable GURGLING sounds, cavernous GROWLS as the Glider JOLTS and RUSHES forwards, something SPLASHES over the Lexan shield.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - DAY

Amid the jostling waves, Terry slowly lifts her head from where she had buried it in Mac's chest.

THE MEG ERUPTS out of the water, TORQUES her body unnaturally, her jaws hyperextended, HANGS there for what seems like an eternity and then PLUMMETS back into the waves on her pectoral side.

THE IMPACT clears all the boats for seventy yards, all of those that aren't CRUSHED beneath her weight...

INT. MEGALODON - AG II

JONAS'S hand slowly reaches for a SWITCH on the console. He takes a deep breath and FLICKS IT.

WIDE ON: THE AG II as the spotlights FLARE.

WE ARE IN THE MEG'S STOMACH. The massive organ appeared to be nothing more than a pocket of continually collapsing and expanding muscle. The walls are pink and tight. Blobs of unidentifiable meat material FLOAT in an acid bath that comprises the floor. Hot steam chokes the air.

ON JONAS: As full-blown panic rises in his throat. His hands shake as he glances around in horror. A HUMAN BODY sloshes and THUDS against the shield. Jonas recoils.

JONAS
(whispers)
I'm alive. I'm still alive.

Then Jonas turns his head to focus on a sound so overwhelming, so a part of this environment that he didn't even notice it at first. THUMP-THUMP....THUMP-THUMP....

JONAS(CONT)
(looking around at stomach)
And so are you.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - DAY

The Meg THRASHES maniacally, no longer motivated by hunger. Her mouth opens and shuts, she GAGS repeatedly, GROWLS in her own peculiar way.

TERRY and MAC are still in the water. Between Terry and survival stands the Megalodon and every frenzied convulsion that absorbs the gargantuan shark drags Terry closer to it.

INT. MEGALODON - AG II

JONAS rips the Emergency kit off the wall of the sub. It's empty. Jonas throws it on the floor. He has no oxygen, no mask, nothing. Jonas pulls out his folded BOWIE KNIFE.

Jonas starts hyperventilating, a purposeful act to clear his lungs. He takes four, huge deep breaths.

INT. MEGALODON - THE STOMACH

The escape hatch in the tail HISSES as Jonas struggles out of it and lands feet-first on the putty-like floor. The stomach GURGLES and SHIFTS, sliding the Glider into Jonas and he's forced to stumble back and FALL, splashing into the acid.

With a SCREAM, Jonas launches to his feet, bracing himself against the Glider, his eyes tearing, his lungs scorched.

He PLOWS ahead, taking short breaths, trying to siphon the oxygen into his lungs. Everything on his body burns.

THUMP-THUMP...THUMP-THUMP... Jonas follows the sound, STUMBLES, lands on his arms, his face inches from a dissolving HUMAN BEING. Jonas swallows his scream.

Gritting his teeth, he THROWS himself against a wall of muscle. Possessed, Jonas HACKS at the fibrous tissue, the stomach GURGLES and SPITS. Jonas's clothes are sizzling. He blinks his eyes, repeatedly, nearly blinded.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - DAY

TERRY SCREAMS as she's pulled into the whirlpool of the Meg's TWISTING FURY. Huge swells catapult away from the monster's WHIPPING motion. Those same swells YANK Terry closer and CLOSER to the Meg and her instinctively SNAPPING JAWS.

INT. MEGALODON - STOMACH

Gasping, Jonas WRITHES inside a tight, narrow, fleshy crawl-space. Jonas doesn't feel the burning anymore, his hands rip and claw at the resistant tissue. His legs KICK, propelling him into the tunnel.

The Meg's heartbeat POUNDS in his ears. Jonas grunts from the pain in his eyes, the burning of his lungs. Then the Meg BUCKS and Jonas SLIDES forward...

And he somersaults into a WIDE CHAMBER. Through his blurry eyes he sees it, the sound THUNDERS in his ears.

CONTINUED:

The HEART is a five-foot rounded mass of muscle, suspended by thick cords of blood vessels.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - DAY

THE GOLIATH TAILFIN rushes past only twenty feet away, UPENDING Terry and Mac, plunging them under water. The Meg's SNAPPING SNOUT passes directly UNDER them.

INT. MEGALODON - HEART

JONAS summons his last bit of strength and LUNGES. His arm WRAPS around the cord of blood vessels.

Jonas ROARS as the knife DIGS into the blood vessels and RIPS through them, showering Jonas with blood....

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - DAY

Frantically, Terry KICKS her legs to avoid the CLAPPING FANGS only fifteen feet away, now ten...now FIVE...

The Meg's jaws OPEN, caught in a rush of water Terry and Mac are DRAGGED towards the mouth. Terry opens her mouth to scream. Water fills her lungs.

Then the Meg FREEZES. Her jaws HANG OPEN.

Terry grips Mac under his arms and with her free hand, wrenches them towards the surface as the Meg drifts downward, slowly SINKING, jaws agape, eyes rolled back.

INT. MEGALODON - AG II

Jonas WRIGGLES through the Glider's escape hatch, his body slick with acid and viscera. His scorched lungs GASP at the remaining clean oxygen in the pod. Jonas REVS the engines, RAMS the joystick...

ON GLIDER: As it SPUTTERS and ROARS forward. It BLASTS up a dark, fibrous tunnel, the wings SNAP off the sides...

ON JONAS: Who squints through scalded eyes, trying to will the Glider forward. Like the Meg's body, Jonas is TILTED at a 70' angle. He knows the Meg is sinking.

JONAS
I'm not dying with you!

The engines suddenly GRIND to a halt, the Glider WEDGES somewhere in the throat.

CONTINUED:

JONAS (CONT)
No! No!

Jonas SPINS and GRABS the Emergency lever. He YANKS IT...

ON GLIDER: As the escape pod ROCKETS away from the tail, plunging through the throat, over the tongue and into the mouth where the Lexan shield CRACKS against the Meg's fangs.

DARK BLUE WATER explodes into view as the pod escapes into the ocean. The Meg SINKS into darkness behind it.

ON JONAS: As water trickles on his closed eyes. He opens them...A CRACK begins to slowly cross the Lexan shield, more water spritzes inside as the circuitry begins to SPARK.

ELECTRICITY jumps and scatters over the cockpit. The console FLARES as shield CRACKS again.

JONAS instinctively checks the depth gauge.

It reads: 200 feet. Jonas POPS the hatch as water FLOODS the cabin and the console EXPLODES...

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

A POLICE RESCUE CHOPPER hovers over the ocean. The rotors spray vibrations over the trash-ridden water. An OFFICER dangles from a harness, in his arms, also in the harness are TERRY and MAC.

EMERGENCY BOATS pour into the ravaged area, plucking survivors and counting the dead.

ON TERRY: As her eyes widen. She GRABS the Officer as they're being lifted to the chopper. Terry points.

TERRY
He's there! I see him! Jonas!!

ON JONAS: he's floating amid the gentle waves. His skin is badly burned. There is a look of peace on his face, as if he is finally looking forward to sleep and dreams.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - YACHT - DAY

A blood-red sunset paints the horizon line. We hear the sounds of THRASHING, a struggle. And a VOICE...

VOICE (OS)
C'mon, you...that's it! Get in there! Oh you're a beauty...

CONTINUED:

WIDE ON: A WEALTHY FISHERMAN in his deck chair, struggling like mad with something on his line.

FISHERMAN
(calling over his shoulder)
It's gotta be a record Joe!

The Captain of the ship, JOE, leans over the railing at the eight-foot, albino SHARK wriggling on the line.

JOE(CONT)
She ain't no damn record. Funny looking though. She's got no pigment.

FISHERMAN
She don't fight like an eight-footer. Damn it all. Go ahead and cut her then.

As easily as one might snap his fingers, Joe CUTS the line with his knife. The BABY MEG streaks away, wiggling into the depths. Joe shakes his head curiously, totally unaware of what he's just done.

THE END